

VAURIEN: *R*
Polina OR, *Longman*

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES:

EXHIBITING

VIEWS OF THE PHILOSOPHIES, RELIGIONS,
POLITICS, LITERATURE,
AND MANNERS OF THE AGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LIVING AS THEY RISE!

POPE.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN I meditate on my age and my compatriots, I gaze on numerous follies, and trace some horrors. This view exhibits nothing peculiar or extraordinary; the human mind has it's few stated eras; it proceeds till it touches it's limits, and then with a retrograde step returns on itself. There is much less novelty in glaring follies and audacious crimes, than vulgar fools and vulgar villains shall ever conceive.

Every age seems characterised by some prevailing extravagance, and every eminent philosopher has distinguished himself by some novel system; when the age closed, the extravagance and the philosopher were alike forgotten. Men once confined their speculations to nature, but nature is exhaustless, and man is soon exhausted. They then proceeded to mind, but what we call intelligence has ever been unintelligible to man. We now unite matter with mind. A few sublimely industrious, and modestly great geniuses have confessed, that these baffle our researches, and proclaim man an imperfect being; some *soi-disant* philosophers, in the temerity of their ignorance, pretend to have discovered in man "an infinite perfectibility!"

But

But had our present philosophy proved, like former romances of closet recluses, the dreams of metaphysics, he who is versed in the history of human nature would not consider it as an object of importance. A mere metaphysician never yet influenced even the obscure street he inhabited ; the vortexes of Descartes, the monads of Leibnitz, the spirit of Berkley, or the matter of Spinoza, with other dreams too numerous and too idle to mention, could only amuse or weary an inconsiderable portion of society. The sophists of Greece felt the shrewdness and the humour of Lucian, and the Jesuits of France, the wit and eloquence of Pascal. Ridicule is at least an admirable test of the ridiculous.

But within this half-century it has become the artifice of a dangerous class of men to unite politics with metaphysics, and, great God! what politics! Here my little reading deserts me, and I am to be informed, whether yet the world has known a philosophical system, which has for it's avowed purpose a political system?

We live, indeed, in sickly and distempered times; the MARVELLOUS only interests; it is easier to excite our wonder than to satisfy our judgment; it is the taste of the nursery; it is a childish taste; we shun instruction, and wander for puerility. Some assure us that the human mind is in it's infancy; I fear it is in it's dotage; and we therefore do
not

not differ respecting the objects adapted for it's amusement.

This philosophy is imagined to have derived it's origin from the labours of Voltaire. It is a calumny on that powerful genius. Voltaire, in no part of his voluminous works, indulges it's romantic absurdities ; every where he affirms that the mind and faculties of man are limited, and that to feel our ignorance and imperfection is the end of all our studies. A race of writers, inferior in taste and genius, to exceed the sagacity of their great master, have promulgated their monstrous hyperboles. The editors of Voltaire's works have inserted a commentary of this kind to combat the modest wisdom of this penetrating genius. Helvetius,

Condorcet, and Mirabeau are among those who have sought celebrity by novel extravagancies. It is these men, who have temerariouſly talked of *calculating events** which ſo often depend on accident; have loudly triumphed in *fiſt principles*, ever concealed myſteriouſly from us; and of the *infinite perfectibility* of our mind and organs, which, ſcarcely arrived at their exiſtence, perish before the eyes of thoſe who declaim on their eternity. Theſe philoſophers ſupport their ſyſtem by dwelling on

* To *calculate* has become the colloquial jargon of the French; thus Barras asked the American ambaffador, “Have you *calculated* the conſequences of your treaty with England?” and the *Redacteur* (the Gazette of the directory) obſerved on the failing of the French fleet for Ireland, “The expedition cannot fail; it has been well *calculated*.”

what

what is *not known*; we oppose them by what *is known*; that is, we oppose human nature to a few metaphysicians.

This doctrine has been servilely followed by some living writers in this country. Their politics are much more intelligible than their metaphysics. Romantic extravagance in philosophy might be easily forgiven; it were but the fermentation of some noble and elevated minds, and, like the froth floating on the surface of a rich liquor, we would blow it away, and taste the nectar beneath; but of these men we will not taste the sophisticated draughts, for they

“ — have drugged their possets,

That death and nature would contend about us,

Whether to live or die — ”

And let *some* of them apply the rest of the quotation; they have projected their work of death; but they now feel what a female Cataline felt in her dread of disappointed affassination:

“ ——— the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—yet we laid their daggers ready!”

When I reflect on our religions, I perceive innumerable sects: among the people the hottest fanaticism, among philosophers the most extravagant projects, and among those who are neither people nor philosophers the most ridiculous mysticism. Philosophy has no religion; religion has no philosophy; an extermination is menaced, and an union is alike rejected. The religion of Christ is the purest philosophy. I grieve, therefore, to see Mustis in the church of Jesus.

The

The warmth and imbecility of certain bigots resembles the state of those unhappy beings, who in the last stage of a consumption find that their heat is only the effect of their debility*. If Christianity is ever to fix the affections of mankind, it can only be by the virtues and moderation of it's chiefs; to the clergy

* *Some*, we all fear, would commit a sacrilege against humanity for a mitre, as Bellarmin did for a cardinal's hat. He maintained, for the sake of his promotion, that "if the Pope forbid the exercise of virtue, and command that of vice, the Roman church, under pain of a sin, was obliged to abandon virtue for vice, *nisi vellet conscientiam peccare*." We have Bellarmins in politics and religion: a vast and awful interval separates a Bellarmin, a Whitaker, and a Horsley, from a WATSON!

we

we look up, at this vacillating moment, with hope or with despair.

When I enter the world of manners, I see with indignation our prodigality and our avarice. This age, even from its satirist*, has received the distinctive praise of humanity; but this humanity is but a mode of our pervading dissipation; our hearts, like our fortunes, are indulged in excessive gratifications, and alike become feeble, cold, and exhausted. Hence we see, that the sentimentalist is at a certain period of life the most unfeeling, and the most voluble on sensibility. Enormous wealth is obtained by

* Cowper, I think, calls Brown's Estimate of the Times, in his prosaic and nervous verse,

“ The inestimable Estimate of Brown.”

enormous

enormous speculations; we have become a nation of jobbers; hence, the refuse of society are raised to fix the popular regard; the slime of the bed is unnaturally tossed up, and floats on the clear current of public honour. Every where the individual does every thing for the public eye, and nothing for domestic enjoyment; we vie with each other; we sacrifice, and we are sacrificed.

There are some popular prejudices cruel in their effects. To trace and to expose them is philosophical morality. I have selected one in the history of a female in this work, who was originally found in the streets as a prostitute; and the unjust and melancholy consequences of that situation to herself and to her friends

friends form the axis on which the wheel of fortune revolves in this history. If the filial character of Emily should exhibit the miseries of a splendid dependence, in a young and accomplished woman, it will not form an insignificant personage in this drama of life.

Such is the analysis of these Sketches. I have chosen the *form* rather than the *matter* of a novel. Some bold and impartial truths are contained in these little volumes ; it is however possible to be too partial to some opinions, without being of any party.

My sincerity is ardent, and if I appear to prefer one side to another, it is because otherwise we can have no principle of action. In this country, popular opinion has reached two opposite extremities ;

mities; when one party will yield nothing, the other will claim every thing. Our press is however free, and if our writers were sincere, it would be the organ of the public voice; the correction of our ministers, our sovereign, and ourselves; but there are men who would quench their monstrous hatreds in the blood of him who only differs with them in opinion. I have heard in public places our government accused of inclining towards sanguinary measures! and by whom? By audacious traitors, who in their dreams revel on massacres, whose physiognomy betrays the wild and savage nature of their hearts, who skulk in petty confederacies in this our beloved country, and shew that it is still free, since they are permitted to vociferate
their

their accusations of it's slavery. Liberty is awefully loved by a Briton; it forms his national religion; and since he has lived to see it submitted to the caprices of levity, to the pollutions of villainy, to the temerity of coffee-house evening doctards, and to the insane ignorance of the tumultuous people, he drops a tear on the venerable CONSTITUTION, and if he injures it's spirit and it's canons, by throwing all his weight on one of it's portions, it is the innocent crime of necessity; it is preferable to wrestle with a soveraign, than with a convention;

"He flies from petty TYRANTS to the THRONE."

The expelled Marius sat amidst the wrecks of Carthage; the blank horror soothed the ferocious breast of the republican, and he gave a ghastly smile

on

on the awful vestiges of departed grandeur. The remorseless and terrible Sylla flooded Rome with human blood, and when the cries of a massacre were heard in the alarmed senate, he thus addressed them with a smile—"Conscript fathers! let not our attention be interrupted, it is only some traitors I have given orders to punish." France now has shewn the world the eternal conflicts, the personal hatreds, and the incalculable horrors of republicanism; it is these men we fear, and it is these men some traitors of England aspire, and secretly study, to emulate.

February 14, 1797.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING read several detached passages of this work to three or four critical friends, I was much grieved in observing their malicious promptness applying the characters and reflections to individuals. I was not much surprised to observe, that the same character was frequently given to different persons.

And here I most solemnly declare, that these volumes contain not a single individuality; at the same time, that there is not one character, and scarcely one incident, which is not founded on facts.

In

In two or three places, where the attack was meant to be personal, I have *named* the persons, who are properly before the public.

If such false criticisms were to deter the Novelist from the duty he owes to the public and to himself, we should lose the most engaging and most instructive class of literature. I shall only say here, that I am a man who would blush to court or fear another, whoever he might be; and that no pusillanimity shall ever be communicated to my free and honest pen. Two great masters in the school, in which I feel myself but a feeble artist, have expressed themselves on this subject, and although I would hope that the passages are familiar to every reader, yet from the frequent violation of the true spirit of criticism, as rare as the true spirit of genius, I fear they are either little attended to, or have never been

3 read,

read, as some sagacious readers consider *Prefaces* as so much waste paper. I shall, however, transcribe these passages from the Prefaces of these two great students of human nature, and shall never afterwards pay the slightest regard to the malice of some readers. Fielding, in his Preface to Joseph Andrews, says, "I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one; for though every thing is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced, which I have not taken from my own observation and experience, yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty."—Le Sage, in his Preface to *Gil Blas*, has with an honest warmth delivered his sentiments on a similar accusation. "As there are some people who

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cannot

cannot read without making applications of the vicious and ludicrous characters they meet with in works of this kind, I declare to these mischievous readers, that they will be to blame if they apply any of the pictures drawn in this book. I publicly own that my purpose is to represent life as we find it; but God forbid that I should undertake to delineate any man in particular !”

Such are the declarations of these two great masters ; with them I should tremble at any other comparative trial, but in a love of truth.

ERRATA:

- Page 54, line 6 from bottom, for *paace* read *palace*.
p. 60, line 8 from bottom, dele *for*.
p. 133, line 11, for *Armenians* read *Arminians*.
p. 170, line 13, for *because* read *be said*.
p. 184, line 8, for *power* read *hour*.
p. 229, line 1, for *Harvey* read *Hartley*.
p. 265, line 7, dele *to*.
p. 271, line 4, for *for* read *in*.

S K E T C H E S

• F

T H E T I M E S.

C H A P T E R I.

*Charles departs from his Country Friends,
who are Three divine Artists, born and
educated in their own Village.*

THE Reverend Mr. Hamilton, the father of Charles, was a respected clergyman, the resident of above half a century in his own vicarage. His small parsonage house was adjacent to his church; it's venerable air of antiquity resembled the genius of it's inhabitant; and such was it's domestic sanctity, that with greater propriety than the church itself, it might have been called "a house

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" of

“ of God.” No emulation of modern taste disguised it's character; it was a low building, the Gothic windows were luxuriantly encircled with the foliage of the vine, the hall was spacious, the parlours small, but the pannelled wainscotting was held by him in high reverence, for it had been removed there from one of Queen Elizabeth's country palaces; and he would sometimes point with exultation at a carved chimney-piece, once appertaining to the above regal personage, and exclaim, “They worked on a different plan in those days; but I promise you, none of our chimney-pieces will be of any service to our posterity.” Some of the juniors of this worthy parson, who were among the three hundred and ninety-nine chaplains of the Prince, who doubled their livings and who tripled their tythes, adding likewise a few random chaplainships of several regiments, a pleasant

fant prebend, and a comfortable canonry, carried on a more lucrative trade, and were, by such clerical advantages, enabled to keep their stables in better repair than their churches. Mr. Hamilton never palsied the arm of industry with the iron mace of sacerdotal rapacity. He was not a weasel among the poultry, a rot among the sheep, and a mildew in the ear of corn. Every one cherished some pleasing recollection of his kindness; and the hearts of his parishioners were the concealed offering the Priest presented to his God.

The good man had indeed an exalted idea of the character he had to support, and it was long before he could persuade himself to put on that holy habit, which he wore with an awful delight. The self-respect he paid to himself as a parish priest, rendered him respectable. A parson (said he) is a title familiarised into vulgarity; but it is the

most awful humanity can receive. *Parson* is *persona*; because by his *person* he represents or *personifies* the church, which is an invisible body. He alone is said, *Vicem seu personam ecclesiæ gerere*. And this (he would add) is the law of the land; the express words of Sir Edward Coke; the alliance between church and state. This alliance was one of his easiest hobby-horses. But the most remarkable of them was his voluminous labour on the Trinity, the eternal object of his meditations, and the source of his felicity. To adopt his very expressions, "It is a mystery which we firmly believe the truth of, and heartily adore the depth of."

And indeed the only remarkable event in the quiet uniformity of this good man's life, may be supposed to have happened on the day that he published his "Evidences of the Trinity throughout all
§ Nations."

Nations." That important day he distinguished by allotting a roasted ox and a butt of porter to the poor of his parish; and we are sorry to record, that this evidence of his rapture, and his benevolence, only served to increase the charges of publication. Perhaps our worthy Parson had done better in following an old statute of the Religious of the Citeaux, which ordered their abbots to preach every Sunday, excepting on that of the Trinity—*propter difficultatem materiae*.

Charles was the only son of this excellent man. In this calm and sequestered spot his father inured him to those intense habits, which make the pupil the semblance of the preceptor; as the shadow, on the smooth and undisturbed surface of the water, is an accurate representation of the reflected object. Charles was constitutionally virtuous; his generous blood

flowed with an equable gentleness; nature directed that prompt and active sensation which looks like instinct, and which performs the duties of humanity, without the cold aid of philosophy; acting better than it reasons. Some principles he had received from his father were often at variance with his heart. A system of religion, or politics, is the fashion of a particular period; but the emotions of humanity are the imperishable virtues of every age; the former are but ridiculous or fanciful dresses, which men through custom adopt, while the latter constitute the natural form of man, which we may disguise, but can never alter.

Allied in blood to the noble family of the Belfields, Charles had long received the promise of their patronage, and the proposal was now accepted. His venerable parent, reminded by his age, considered this first as a final separation; and
leading

leading him into his library, enforced some *orthodox* instructions, which had an influence on the future life of our hero. The last trembling pressure from the hand of a revered parent; the touching and interrupted tones of the voice we love, and shall no more hear; the tear of senility trickling on the glowing cheek of youth; these at the moment penetrate the heart, insert themselves among its fibres, and assimilate with our existence. The tear is felt, when he who sheds it, sheds tears no more, and the voice of a father is heard from his grave. Eventful moment of existence in which we receive the inheritance of a paternal character!

There were also two friends of his father, inhabitants nearly as ancient as himself of this parish, but their hobby-horrical dispositions were of another character, being both devoted to works of taste. Charles took his farewell of these

two friends. The one was the Apothecary, who with tolerable facility composed much unreadable verse, and was then employed on a couple of Epics; three Centenaries of legitimate sonnets; and on the point of publishing his Epigrams in folio. The other was the Drawing Master, who was a Claude Lorraine; that is, he painted Sun-sets, which were mistaken for brick-kilns; hills, like wool-sacks, and trees, with on their tops that indescribable grace, that "*Je ne sçais quoi*," that "*Certo non so che*" that "*Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*," as Juvenal says (how shall I express myself?) which gave them a striking resemblance to a row of barber's blocks, with each a little unpowdered perriwig.

The poetical Apothecary thus addressed him, "May your literary talents not have to encounter the conspiracy which, as I have often mentioned, has so long prevailed
against

against me. I can write ten thousand verses a year, but the age has grown horridly prosaic. Discover this nefarious cabal, now existing these forty years. The Monthly Reviewers are at the head; for on the publication of my first poem, they had the audacity to ask me, why I did not write in prose?"

The Painter said, "I have sent my pictures to the Academy, and made annual journies to London, to the utter ruin of my business, to attend to that stimulating applause which my native town (the future biographer of English painters shall record) has never given. Here they have no eyes, and at London they have no humanity. All my Sun-sets have been hung in dark corners. Think of that, Charles! a bad light to a picture is like those errata in printing, which turn one's finest things into nonsense. My Girl feeding Pigs was hung so fatally last year,

that I heard several wonder at the stupid fancy of the painter, who placed asses in pig-styes. To be sure the styes were styes; I defy them there, Charles; but my pigs really looked like asses! a curse on all picture-hangers!"

Thus it happens, that when a Parson publishes a volume concerning the Trinity, he proclaims the vice of the age to be Arianism; the Poet, who composes verses, that might occasion an indigestion, perceives the age to be prosaic; while the Painter blasphemes the light of heaven for not rendering the objects of nature more conformable to his notions. These gentlemen were otherwise, when not mounted on their great horses, very honest men; so judicious, as clearly to discern the absurdities of each other, and so happy, as to enjoy the comfort of not perceiving their own. But we cannot but suspect, that if these honest gentlemen

gentlemen had, instead of mounting their hobbies, enclosed some of the waste lands, or only raised larger crops of potatoes, We, and the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, would have considered ourselves as under more particular obligations.

CHAPTER II.

*Of some of our Hero's first Acquaintance in
London.*

L O N D O N, that universe of a city, containing all the climates of the human mind, and all the variations of the human species, was not entered by the reflecting Charles without those tumultuous emotions produced by the gush of novelty, which inebriates the senses. A mixed conception of grandeur hitherto unobserved, and misery hitherto unknown, taught him to feel for humanity, a pride and an humiliation; here he first perceived that man was an enigma yet unsolved; every thing that imagination conceives of great and benevolent, neighbouring closely on every thing it conceives

ceives of mean and cruel. Every glance brought some new object, every sound combined with some new reflection; and in furrounding objects he seemed to lose his own existence. He issued from the inn, the next morning, to wait on Lord Belfield, but had scarcely passed a few streets, when the sweet pliability of his spirits diffused itself around him, and flying from meditation to meditation, he found that no object in London was more interesting than London itself.

He walked through the western parts of the town more pleased than dissatisfied; he viewed faces which seemed to have more mirth than malice, yet wondered to encounter some who dragged their steps with a listless and melancholy air; because he yet knew not the pressure of inaction. He knew not that this unfortunate race were eager, but volatile in pleasure; that when they shook the
blossoms

bloffoms they fighed for the fruit; that never penetrating the superficies of the foul, their imbecile passions were without aliment; plural loves appertain to no one, and the friendship commenced in a minute terminates with the hour.

His eye was detained by the numerous labours which indolence occasions; the magnificent trifles of our Sybarites. As he looked through the windows of some fashionable shops, he thought, "some ingenuity appears in these inventions, but more one would think is required in their use; to a stranger like me it becomes a metaphysical exercise to comprehend their purposes; and I doubt that to reason on them for an hour would frequently be but an unsuccessful operation."

The narrowest streets in this metropolis he found the most populous, and thought that the spacious and solitary elegance of the western seemed to be more requisite

sites in the eastern parts of our town. The latter have the evidences of a rude and parsimonious age, but the former the exhibitions of corrupt and polished times; that portion of London appeared the ungrateful and elegant heir of a contemned and sordid parent. Here a confusion of all noises, of all smells, and of all ranks, appeared to spread an incessant distraction, and resembled a tumultuous flight. Borne along a tide of rational beings, Charles found no leisure to meditate, and among his fellow citizens was attracted by no sympathy; for man succeeded man, like pieces of mechanism, that proceeding from one mould, may be counted, but cannot be distinguished.

As Charles was engaged in one of his deepest reveries, a gentleman apologized for having trod on his foot, and this with so winning an urbanity, and such elegance of manner, that our hero was enchanted with this inhabitant of London, the first
with

with whom he had yet interchanged civilities. He parted from him with regret. We have none of these accomplished men in our village (said Charles to himself) and the hobnails of a peasant are not so painful as his inhumanity. As he was proceeding in his soliloquy, "a filthy dungeon villain," as Otway describes such, came up, and in tones more repulsive than attractive, informed him that he had certainly been robbed. Charles found it was true. I am an officer of justice, continued the stern stranger. I know where to find George, and make me a proper gratuity, and you may hang him. Charles, examining the countenance of the runner, suspected him, and not the polite gentleman. He therefore called for assistance, and, to the astonishment of the crowd, had him brought before our modern Lycurgus, Mr. Justice ———.

To write with the veracity and the discernment

cernment of an historian (and which we here inform the reader are by no means correlative qualities, as men of genius have found it easier to exhibit an admirable discernment without any veracity at all) I must confess, that Mr. Justice —— (who I do not name, as the simple name of certain persons may not unjustly be deemed a libel) was not quite so much astonished as the rest, at seeing his chief myrmidon in his present situation; for it is a wise custom with the Areopagus of Bow-street, to follow the vulgar precept in the catching of thieves. Mr. Justice —— felt more indignation than surprise; indignation arising from the ingratitude of his *protegé*; for he said in his passion, (and passion is a loquacious revealer of secrets) that after having been a pad, and a highwayman on a stolen horse, and through his friendly interposition suffered to become an honest man at last, by his promotion

motion to the place of head runner, it was the vilest ingratitude, and the drop should now have its rights; adding, in the querulous language of offended patronage, that there was no trusting one's own brother.

The runner, who, whatever robberies he might have committed, was no monster of ingratitude, having a most natural and feeling antipathy of the aforefaid drop, since in his present office he had been in the full receipt of all it's privileges, rewards, prosecutions and non-prosecutions, quashings and hush-money, sent from his heart a steaming oath, hot with geneva and gratitude. Every being expresses his affections and his asseverations according to his habits, by which, because we are not always acquainted with them, we are sometimes more shocked than convinced. The fair reader, on such an occasion, would raise her humid eyes to heaven,

heaven, clasp two beautiful white hands, and shed, in expressive silence, the softest tear; a person of a sterner mould would fix a steadfast eye on the unjust accuser, and shew his gratitude by an insulting contempt of the charge of ingratitude; now these, and similar manners of confirming our veracity, or gratitude, had been perfectly unintelligible to the iron nerves of Mr. Justice ——. And must we be condemned for vulgarism when we relate the characters of the vulgar? We pretend not to narrate one continued series of romantic grandeur; we look for nature as she walks about this great town. We shall therefore proceed to inform our reader in what manner our runner *convinced* Mr. Justice of his veracity and gratitude.

It was done *anatomically*; that is, with as much knowledge of the human body as a runner may be supposed to possess.

He

He felt the zeal that most certainly warmed the good catholic bishop Ernulphus, when he dictated that excommunication which ought to be read and admired in Shandean history; and he commenced by most devoutly damning his eyes, his liver, his heart, &c. till having reached a climax of this self-anathema, he easily persuaded his patron of his honesty. He succeeded on the principle that makes a carman intelligible to his horses; that is, by certain oaths whose long use and intonation they perfectly understand; and the most dreadful to modest or pious ears are, in these cases, always the best. When our runner had related the fact, Mr. Justice——, turning to Charles, with much juridical importance said, “Sir, I must commit you for a false charge, and for defamation. That man, I tell you, is one of my honestest fellows, and has not committed a robbery these ten years.”

In

In the secrecy of an interior apartment our hero became more enlightened. There George attended a civil message, and under a promise of non-prosecution, and as a man of honour (as the runner observed) confessed the robbery. Charles heard and saw with astonishment. His accomplished gentleman acknowledged himself a pickpocket, and a guardian of justice, a footpad. Our hero, confessing himself to be a country gentleman, was in consideration of that, &c. discharged with a reprimand.

Returning in the evening, he was accosted by some unfortunate females, who gave a thousand sweet caresses from their impure lips, like roses distilled in an alembic tinged with gall. But ingenuous youth is timid in the first moments of it's novel perils, and imagines all it's trembling doubts to be a virtuous indignation. To their obliging invitations Charles replied
by

by some quotations on immodesty from one of his father's sermons, and would have entered into further discourse, had not each fair auditor expressed the impatience of contempt. On Holborn Hill, a female of a certain age and decent dress, formed not to provoke love, but to impress respect, accosted him, and laid her hand on his shoulder. A departing modesty seemed still to linger in her silence. Charles, interested in her intentions, at variance with her appearance, forgot his father's sermon, and felt an emotion of humanity. This child of misfortune burst into tears, and pressing his hand with a gentle sympathy, a warm blush flew across her cheek, which told she came not to excite the voluptuousness of the senses. She described her situation. She was a widow with four children, who stood isolated in this assemblage of millions of her fellow-beings; whose labours

labours were insufficient to afford a morsel to her helpless offspring; and who, in opposition to a blameless life, and to a cultivated sensibility, when she heard the voice of her children, naked, desolate, and hungry, rushed, in the darkness of the night, to a pollution that never reached her heart.

“ And you, young man, (she said) whoever you are, singular is your character! We are interdicted from the rights of society; wherever we go we bear it's maledictions; we are renounced by all; not one of your crowd of sentimentalists deigns to look on beings whose misery is obscure; and the falsely delicate avoid a reflection on our fate, as if fearful of contamination. You yet cannot comprehend how the vagrant, soliciting the hand of every passenger, may be a virtuous woman. Yes, many virtues are practised by those feeble beings, who, in the warmth of youth,

youth, are precipitated to the grave. Many are patient under affliction, meek amid barbarity, and resigned in disease and death. O! could you but observe our harassed existence! the language of mirth, from a voice of melancholy; the blandishments of love, from the terrors of fear; and the dead solitude and the bitter tears that make us execrate the light of heaven! Poor patient woman suffers miseries the haughty spirit of man would not half endure. The insolence of youth, the depravity of age—these, Sir, are not our greatest evils; yet, of humanity we see nothing but the worst side. But alas! we start at the terrific mirror of memory! I look around, and every look humiliates; denied a sister's voice, a brother's arm!—With the one sex I can form no friendships, for they are my rivals; nor with the other, for they are my masters. When I sit and think, how do I wish that nature would

would wrap in eternal oblivion the brain that, without its self-destruction, still feeds on itself. Why do I live? I exclaim. Yet am I not the most unfortunate of my sex; my portion is shame, but not remorse. I have broken no parent's heart; have disturbed no connubial quiet.—Ah, young man! I *must* live! She who now addresses you, is the mother of children.—And I forget my own humiliation, when my hand conveys bread into their's."

She conducted Charles to her apartment. He saw the affectionate scene of her children clinging around their mother, chiding her for hours of protracted hunger, while this mother, whom his prejudices had injured, allotted among them the casual loaf she had purchased with his money. He was touched with the artless prattle of the elder boy.—"Here, mother (said he) I have been unravelling all these

threads, and sorting all these needles, as you told me. Come, you'll give me a kiss as well as a supper, won't you? Poor Mary has been crying with the cold, so I put her to bed myself. One is always warmest a-bed. Come, mother is good to-night, now let us all go and sleep." Charles took his leave of this unfortunate mother, with a confused sensation of approving humanity, and condemning morality.

As Charles slept into bed, which was generally an important moment of reflection with him, he said, I have much to learn in this metropolis, where the most finished gentleman is the most noted pickpocket; the oldest thief an officer of justice; and a prostitute a virtuous and affectionate parent.

CHAPTER III.

The Patron of Modern Philosophers.

THE next day our hero hastened to Lord Belfield, and as he passed through the streets, closed his ear and his eye as well as he could, to the suggestions of fancy, dreading the perplexities of the preceding day. As he proceeded, all the ideas of nobility, which his father had so frequently inculcated, rose with a glowing sensation. Lord Belfield was one of the ancient peers who sat in the house by descent, and not by creation. His blood was enriched with some sprinklings from the royal veins of France and of England, and the imagination of Charles was awed by the departed predecessors of

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Belfield,

Belfield, who rose, in a marshalled order, before his timid and modest nature. Had my Lord Belfield (he thought) been a commoner ! “ I have *seen* commoners. An obscure being like myself, admitted to the society of a man of such a noble descent, if received haughtily must feel a self-degradation, and if received with kindness must still recollect that the equality he enjoys is a conferred favour, and not a mutual obligation. How I should hate to be one, who is only *suffered* to be what he is ! Yet is nobility a golden chain of ornament and utility in our government ; a softening shade of monarchy that relieves the bright picture of our constitution : a nobleman carries with him a weight of glory, or a weight of shame ; if he rivals his virtuous ancestors, who more deserves our veneration ? And if he withers all his leaves of honour, the noble stem from which he sprung will exist as
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the peculiar memorial of his degeneracy. The nobleman is entitled to a respect not due to a private citizen, whose obscurity conceals his defects; for this respect is either paid to him for himself, which will be his glory, or it is paid to the memory of his ancestors, which will be his infamy. It is only by this order of men, that a nation can secure to itself a race of illustrious characters. Uninfluenced by the confined interests of other individuals, what does a noble claim for the remuneration of actions, for which others are recompensed by new honours, or meaner gratifications? Of these he wants neither; the remembrance of his ancestors, and the proud rivalry of his own conduct, are the priceless remunerations his great soul can alone receive. Lord Belfield, the descendant of so many illustrious progenitors; what a stimulating source of noble actions!"—So, repeating the first lines of the

first Ode of Horace, and philosophizing in this manner, Charles at length arrived at the house of his noble patron.

Announced, he entered tremblingly and confused into a library, where he saw a jolly groom, booted and spurred, with a dusty coat and cropt hair.

Lord Belfield received him with the utmost familiarity ; a familiarity which, as it was bestowed on every one alike, could be considered by no one as a favour. His character is too unimportant to be recorded even in this page of minor biography ; and, but for his connection with our hero, would never have been considered by us, as sufficiently important, to say in print, that it was unimportant. His revenue was one of the most considerable in England ; but his devotion to a faction of demagogues, who assumed the title of republicans ; to sophists, who called themselves philosophers ; and his imbecility of mind
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in all the versatile dissipations of the times, in which he had been so successful as to have corrupted his own lady; all these levities and crimes rendered his fortune insufficient for his purposes. Feeble in himself, he became a powerful engine in the artful hands of others. He was remarkable for exulting that his coronet was placed on his carts; the philosophers said he had done this to degrade every ensign of nobility; while others considered that on the contrary these ensigns were still pleasing to his eye, and were placed to shew that there existed some distinction between the cart of a commoner, and the cart of a lord. Such was this lord; who by his nobility was disgraced, by his opulence impoverished, and by his philosophy made the dupe of his passions. How many circumstances favourable to man, were perverted in the character of Lord Belfield!

Charles, in the presence of this nobleman, soon lost that high reverence he paid to his ancestors. "You are come, my boy (said Belfield) with a whole forest of prejudices, rooted to the centre of the earth; you will want the axe to let in a little light. We have here wood-cutters of this kind, and we shall begin to clear away. You will find here assembled, men whom Athens has not surpassed. We discuss, in familiar conversations, the sublime systems of modern philosophy, in morals as in politics. What we dare to think, we dare to express, and what we express we are ready to act. Our present favourite enquiry is a new system of morality; from a vain and uncertain science, we are busied in forming an useful and mathematical science. After so many thousand years, we do not know what is virtue. The world, it has been lately discovered, is in it's first stage of imbecil infancy."

"A new

"A *new* system of morality! interrupted Charles; the divine revelation of our Lord Jesus, has given us assuredly all that is necessary."

"As for that *book* you allude to, Charles, (said his Lordship with a grin) we do not know who wrote it, or whether it was written at all; or whether"—But his Lordship, in the precipitation of his zeal, could never finish *this whether*; for, as the reader may happen to have observed, men much too warm, generally by carrying up their climax in a *second whether*, are quite at a loss when they come to their third.

His lordship continued: "We do not approve of all that we find in it, and see not much to admire in what we might approve. "Give unto Cesar what is "Cesar's due." A pretty system of taxation! The little Jew carpenter was no republican, and wanted perhaps to be

collector of the taxes in Judea ; but he had never interest enough at court. Young man, you seem surpris'd at this language ; I dare say you think it damnably indecorous. Learn the " Nil admirari " if you would live in this age of reason. I tell you that we are thinning our prejudices, which are of two kinds, universal and local. Your universal ones are old oaks, and are looked on with as much reverence as an old Druid did his mistletoe. Virtue, not yet being found out, we suppose it is nothing more than public interest ; and consequently no action can be accounted criminal, which does not strike at the public interest."

" I am not now so much surpris'd, my Lord, in observing of late domestic quiet so frequently violated by the foulness of adultery, the gloomy desolation of gaming, and the cruel temerity of duelling.

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In this new system, the sensual and inflammatory passions are solaced and gorged; man is flattered to be deceived; while his rational faculties are obscured by verbal misconstructions, rest on dangerous paradoxes, and wander wild in extravagant hypotheses."

"I see, replied his Lordship, that Mr. Subtile made an excellent observation, when he said, that to enlighten a citizen is the labour of time. Consult with that great philosopher. Like another Socrates he is surrounded by the spirited youth of his age. When among them, he says, he lives in the next age, and from youth alone he expects a warm reception to his philosophy; for age is untractable and stubborn, now in youth all is new, and that which they first hear, they longest remember, and will not believe to be error. We allow a thousand, or two thou-

land years to enlighten the world, for it is a work of time *.

Our great philosopher reasons from "first principles," and matchless is he for an argument of six hours ! contradict ; he replies not. We must shorten the two thousand years, by losing no time. He has reduced every thing to a system. A

* This is the usual computed time supposed sufficient for the spread of universal philosophy, according to the testimony of the first modern sages. But I observe that Mr. Holcroft, whose reveries are conducted on a far greater scale, than are such impoverished imaginations, does not conceive this period of sufficient length. I shall do myself the honour of quoting the words of this gigantic philosopher, who reminds me of the inhabitant of Sirius, in the romance of Micro-megas of Voltaire : " It surely " is not *absolutely impossible*, but that *men* may continue thus to *collect* knowledge, and that TEN " THOUSAND YEARS hence, if this good world " should last as long, they may, &c. &c." Preface to Hugh Trevor.

system, is the cap of Fortunatus to philosophy; an engine of iron working on the ductile wax of nature; an elastic patent silk stocking, smooth and glossy, and fitted for any leg.

Subtile gives a reason for the most unreasonable thing; for he distinguishes between probabilities, possibilities, what is evidence, and what is equivalent to evidence. He has constructed tables, physical and metaphysical, moral and political, where, with precision, are marked the different degrees of probability, and consequently, the quantity of belief, which may be assigned to every opinion *.

Vive

* This jargon is curiously indulged by Helvetius. "Since truth is an indivisible point, and that we cannot say of a truth, that it is more or less so, it is evident, that if we are more certain of our own existence, than that of bodies, the existence of bodies, consequently, is only a probability; a probability

Vive la metaphysique ! Vive la bagatelle !
He calculates on every action, every virtue,
every vice, and pronounces on all merits
and demerits, on truth and falsehood,
with his pen in his hand, by a metaphys-
cal

lity very great, and which, upon the whole, is equivalent to evidence. Now, if almost all our truths, are reduced to probabilities, how much should we owe to that man of genius who would undertake to direct physical, metaphysical, moral and political tables, where should be noted with precision, all the divers degrees of probability, and consequently of belief, which we ought to assign to every opinion." He then has the timely kindness to assist us in these aforesaid tables. "The existence of bodies, for instance, would be placed in the physical tables as the first degree of certitude ; then afterwards would be determined what are the odds that the sun will rise to-morrow, or in ten, or twenty years, &c. In the moral and political tables, would be equally placed, in the first degree of certitude, the existence of Rome or London ; then that of heroes, such as Cæsar or William the Conqueror ; then we should gradually

cal algebra. O ! great arranger of possibilities ! nice discerner of probabilities ! who never loses himself in the combinations of certitude and doubt. He knows the connection of the mind with it's exterior organization ; we are all mind, Charles ; all this obesity of mine is pure spirit. Ay, Sir, I can procreate wit, genius, and sagacity *. Infinite perfectibility
of

gradually descend through the scale of probabilities till we came to facts less certain ; and at length to the pretended miracles of Mahomet, to the prodigies attested by so many Arabs. Thus men who now only use imperfect signs to express their degrees of belief, would more easily communicate their ideas, by *referring directly to the table and number* of these probabilities." *Esprit*, vol. 1. p. 8.—So that when a metaphysical age shall be universally established, in one or ten thousand years, every person will carry a pocket-book, which necessarily must contain more truth than the Bible.

* Thus saith the Marquis of Condorcet :—" May not our parents, who transmit to us the advantages
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of the mind! We flatter ourselves soon to combine new senses with the five old ones, and so live on for a few more hundred years. Mr. Reverberator says he has no doubt he shall live two or three hundred years, though the doctors have given him over." Here his Lordship stopped suddenly, and breathless.

Two thousand years to enlighten the world—perfectibility of the mind—new senses,—and not know who wrote the New Testament—all these novel notions confounded the understanding of our rustic philosopher. When a man is convinced, he gives a silent inclination of the head, and so he does when he is quite the contrary. Astonishment is as silent as

or defects of their conformation, and from whom we receive our features and shape, as well as our propensities to certain physical affections, transmit to us also that part of our organization on which intellect, strength of understanding, energy of soul, or moral sensibility depend?" Progress of the Human Mind, p. 370.

conviction ;

conviction; so that when my Lord stopped, Charles gave a mute bow.

As he was stepping into bed, he said to himself, this new science of morality is more perplexing than my adventures of yesterday. I see my Lord is an Arian, and I must give him my father's evidences of the Trinity. What a centre of confusion is this London! polite pick-pockets, rogues for officers of justice, insane philosophers.—As yet I have found no one to admire, but a miserable prostitute!

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

*A Second Conversation with his Patron.
A Fashionable Lady.*

I HAVE observed, that among the greatest disturbers of that sweet oblivion of ourselves, sleep, is a lecture on metaphysics. The whole system of man is reversed; the most orderly notions are thrust out of their places; and when, with infinite fatigue of the intellect, the new ones are once fixed, like furniture made of unseasoned wood, they suddenly crack, burst and shiver into shining fragments. Or pursuing the simile in another form, the chapters of metaphysical writers are read, while nothing is retained; like entering a dark room in search of some object,

object, and from which we issue, without having found what we wanted, after a great deal of racketting among the tables and chairs.

After this preliminary observation, it is hardly worth assuring the reader, that Charles slept little, while in many a waking dream, he wandered, now crawling, now towering, now plunging among the clouds, and quagmires of the new philosophy. In the morning, when he returned to the use of his old senses, which he had nearly lost while in search of the new, it occurred that Lord Belfield had not yet introduced him to his Lady. Imagining that her Ladyship was confined to her apartment, he ventured to enquire after her health, which produced the following dialogue.

Lord B. "I hope her Ladyship is very well. Charming woman! I have not seen her this week.

Charles.

Charles. Her Ladyship then is distant from the metropolis?

Lord B. I think not. I understand she is in the house.

Charles. In the house, my Lord, and you have not seen her this week?

Lord B. My boy, I forgot your rusticity. Her Ladyship is one of the most amiable of women, and I, the happiest of husbands; yet curse the name 'tis so mechanical! We study our mutual happiness, and we do not *obsédé* one another. We married for this very purpose, of not living quite so much together; for when I paid my *devoirs* to her Ladyship for a whole season, I received her fair hand, that we might not be obliged to appear together in public. She has her card parties, and receives her masks; and I my stud, and my philosophers. A finer stud is not in England; fold all my done-up rips; they had been so gingered
and

and so nitred by my head scoundrel, that they cocked their tails, and their coats looked sleek and shining when they could not stir a leg. 'Tis a maxim, Charles, with me, that a bad horse you cannot sell, and a good one you cannot buy too quickly. Trust me on the turf. All the world say I have a hawk's eye on horse flesh ; all my grooms and all the jockies say so. Good judges these, better than philosophers ! I had the great professor Camper to examine a horse the other morning. He may know about a horse, as it is in the Linnæan system, but the philosopher in my stables was a block-head among the grooms. I felt for the fellow's ignorance. He had the audacity to prefer a black horse for it's colour to a grey, when all the world knows, there's not a man who would drive a pair of blacks in a curricule who has the least knowledge of what is tonish.

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As for her Ladyship, the last time I met her was at the Dutchess of Rubble's rout. So spirited, so gay, so unconcerned for every thing ! All the women seem to me Stoics ; they beat Subtile in philosophy. She never shrinks at the turning of a card for a thousand ; and drives four in hand with such velocity, that if her Ladyship faves her neck she will be the first driver in Europe. She can ride a horse without a saddle. She has a great soul in every thing. I will give you a singular instance of her powers. The Marchioness of Morliere, that blue-eyed nymph of the Seine, has betted with her, five thousand pounds, that in the course of this year, the Marchioness obliges me to commit a small infidelity, while my Lady gains the Marquis. We have been mutually apprised of our danger. The Marquis has lost ; *elle a conté des fleurettes*, and the sensitive Frenchman cannot resist,

and

and what is certain cannot pay. The poor Marquis is in despair to settle his lost wager, for he is a man of the most delicate honour. The year is closing ; the bewitching emigrant takes all forms, seizes all hours, but plays off her artillery in the air. English flesh and fat, blockade the avenues of the heart, and in such a case a Briton is a better accountant than a Gaul. Heh man, what excites your surprise ? Her Ladyship has not yet equalled the Countess of Lauragin, who when I was at Paris was the heroine of the day. The Count's passionate attachment to Mademoiselle Arnoux, the first actress at the opera, had become, through its excessive jealousy, most tormenting to that enchanting woman. She had returned to the Countess the presents she received from the Count ; these consisted of diamonds, a chariot, and two children. She placed herself
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under the protection of a minister of state. The poor Count was in a delirium of despair and poetry ; he inundated the town with elegies. In this affecting moment of distress, the Countess personally interceded with the actress ; she intreated her acceptance of the diamonds, the chariot, and her husband ; as for the children she reserved them for her own care. The actress, as generous as the Countess, suffered the Count to reconquer an old fortress, from which he had been dislodged. This is indeed, the last refinement of sentiment, and the Countess is a model for all fashionable women."

Preserve me Heaven, (said Charles to himself) what a perversion of ideas ! An amiable woman who only sees her husband at an accidental visit !—A husband lamenting the hard case of a man who violates his honour—and this man has the nicest honour ! A wife interceding
with

with a prostitute, to pollute her bed—
When will my perplexities terminate? I
will relieve a wearied and distracted judgment, by an action that is simply prompted by the heart. Soothing sympathy! thy pleasures are independent of the local variations of human opinions. I will hasten to give a meal to the mother and her children. How little can save a forsaken woman, from the prostitution of a night!

CHAPTER V.

A Philosophical Party. The Character of a great Philosopher.

CHARLES, having promised a silent acquiescence to the select friends of Lord Belfield, was now admitted to the philosophical party. His Lordship observed, "These great men must suffer no contradiction; because I am an advocate for the utmost freedom of opinion." This principle was considered by Charles, as quite illogical; but it was the logic of the party.

Here were assembled that great philosopher Mr. Subtile, the coldest-blooded metaphysician of the age. Mr. Reverberator, who in the intense furnace of his
imagina-

imagination, with the combustible matter he collected from Mr. Subtile, reverberated the flames with a triple force. Dr. Bounce, a square, squat, fullen and volcanic presbyter *. Mr. Rant, the successful rival of orator Henley, whose benches were covered with the loose remnants of shopboards, wild apprentices; those threads of humanity tiny taylor, and with the bloody offals of butchers stalls. Mr. Libel, that silver-voiced assassin, editor of a news-paper; Janus-faced, one to smile and the other to

* This Dandiprat has all the irascibility of genius in his conversation, but the most undisturbed phlegm in his writings. Personal defects are objects of satire, when a dwarf affects the step of a giant, or a coarse Colossus the delicacy of an Adonis. Why are the diminutives of the human race so testy and choleric, and therefore so ridiculous? Rabelais says, that the physical reason is, because their heart lies so near their —; but it is a Rabelaisism, and I refer the delicate reader to his book second, chap. 27.

sneer ; and who, to calumniate the more effectually, was solicitous of an universal acquaintance. Mr. Dragon, a political Sangrado, who was for giving the nation a copious bleeding to invigorate and purify it's constitution ; and Mr. Sympathy, who had invented a new religion.

Insulated among this conclave of modern philosophers (for so each called himself, although such are of a very ancient standing, whether we examine their intentions or their productions) sat a Mr. Johnson, who spoke more by gesture than by voice ; he was expert in dovetailing the chasms of conversation, by a significant nod, or an accommodating hem. Satire, panegyric, and epigram were in his slightest gesture. Every one considered him as a person of considerable ability, because to their knowledge he had given no public demonstration of his powers ; and which is indeed by no means

means the happiest method of acquiring great reputation among our friends.

As we consider the character of the philosophic and atrabilarious Subtile, as neither too common to be pourtrayed, nor too singular to want interest, we shall attempt to give the features of a class of men, who, in this age of political inquiry and philosophical scepticism, are of greater importance in society, than in any preceding period, when the speculations of philosophy were only told in whispers, or published with a folicitous ambiguity, a castrated vigour, and an involuntary decorum ; in a word, when the human mind was only shown in an imperfect profile, ill expressive of the sensations that animate every particular muscle of it's full face.

Subtile, like another Marius, exulted that he sprang from the dregs of the people. A minute accident gave the world this philosopher, as well as the greater

number of its revolutions, its temporary fermentations, and its perennial benefits. By the stall of the father of Subtile (who was an honest retailer of meat) daily passed the coach of the Bishop of that diocese, who it could not be forgotten, was the son of a baker. As certain as the Bishop passed, the sensorium of this honest man, combined two ideas, hot rolls, and Cardinal Wolsey; the first by retrogression, relating to the Bishop; the second by progression, to his son. To Oxford was Subtile sent, at the voluntary sacrifice of those secret comforts of life, which may be found more uninterruptedly in the shed of industry, than in the peace of episcopacy. His father lived to see his son a curate, with an income which his stall would have trebled. Farmers and other provincialists, who conceive no person in the world more considerable than their Bishop, their
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Lama of Tartary, and who originally arose from a stock as humble as their own, too frequently give the church a rebellious son, while their town loses an useful citizen. No class of men are rendered more dissatisfied in these good realms, than country curates, who are almost famished into atheism, and who, in the disorganization of a people, would seek their first triumph in the flames of episcopal roofs.

Subtile was no idler; he had exalted his imagination with certain romances, vulgarly termed the Roman histories; and with an intense delight for speculative notions, plunged far and wide into the interminable discussions of metaphysics. Talents, like his, merit an encouragement they do not easily find. He wrote sermons for Bishops, who, with a revenue which it seems an impiety for a Christian pastor to accept, would only pay

for them as if they had been merely transcriptions. He therefore, by no difficult transition of sentiment, became indisposed against ecclesiastical establishments; told the public so in an unorthodox pamphlet, by which he lost his cure, privately. Something similar is the secret history of many of those fugitive performances which few have any cause to remember but their author; not but that sometimes a pamphlet has written a curate into a bishoprick. The pittance of a daily meal was now denied the philosophical parson. As his father's cleaver dismally founded on the block, it seemed to insult his indignant feelings; there was an agony in the abstraction of his ruminations; he thought that like a poisoned rat he had withdrawn into his hole to die. What remained? Could a metaphysician descend to put on a blue apron, and split calves-heads?

He

He quitted the paternal roof without the affection of a son. The hopeless father sunk into despondence; the poor man forsook the block he had struck for forty years, and died in the workhouse of that parish, of which he once almost imagined his son the diocesan. And all this, and what evil is to follow, arose from the pecuniary illiberality of Bishops, who would only pay for original sermons, as mere transcriptions. Man is so frequently the agent of impelling circumstances, that had the Bishops proved more generous, and Subtile more fortunate, we doubt not that the philosopher had devoted his talents in favour of the very cause of which he was afterwards so redoubtable an adversary. It is thus man is influenced by the coincidences of human events, and thus varies from year to year, according to new interests and new hopes.

London is the resource of the country. Subtile arrived in the metropolis, resolutely pursuing a system, which, directed by a mind of fortitude, and a heart without passions, confers on it's follower some proud delights, of too fine a spirit to be tasted by grosser organs. He now addicted himself to literary pursuits; the enjoyment of opulence, the wealth of poverty, and the glory of genius.

Subtile was superior to the profession he assumed; for soon he discovered that literature was one of the numerous trades of London, and that those who were bankrupts in all others, attempted to enrich themselves in this. He found that Newgate was the Parnassus of the age; and saw with astonishment and contempt, that men incapable of every thing, conceived themselves able to instruct others in all things; that many composed histories

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ries without the *materia historica*, the echo of an echo, the shade of a shadow; and that the most illiterate were at least editors of Cyclopedias. Even those light and charming compositions, the recreations of men of taste, and the solace of the studious, he saw were the aliment of the worst passions; a brutal licentiousness that lifted the veil of domestic quietude, and in the pleasure grounds of literature, by their brilliancy and their venom, resembled the deadly nightshade. Far more innocent, did Subtile exclaim, is the low rabble of literature, those poor devils, who make use of the pockets of their neighbours, as their own; your abridgers, and compilers. From me (he cried, in a virtuous enthusiasm) the dignity of literature shall receive no degradation.

The course of his studies had formed an intellectual physiognomy. Whether genius, in polished ages like the present,

be the impulse of nature, or the imperceptible gradation of art, is a literary enquiry of greater curiosity than utility; since to him who with incessant and intense pleasure persists in any study, with patience to examine, and with habit to combine; sentiments and images will arise, and he will at length attain that facility and charm of performance which is denominated genius. Subtile devoted his days and his nights to the study of metaphysics; and his literary industry was at length rewarded with that perfection of talent which is designated by the term, of metaphysical genius; subtilty, acuteness, and profundity, without imagination, sensibility, and amenity.

From the unmetaphysical conversations and irregular arguments of ordinary society, he sought a voluntary seclusion. He practised, in great perfection, the virtues of a simplicity of manners,

ners, an habitual veracity, and an extreme frugality; the stern virtues of a haughty poverty. His pen, chaste in its labours, was polluted by no infamous traffic of his ideas; he meditated on the sublime philosophy of Antoninus, the condensed and sententious moralities of Seneca, and the unimpassioned and patient fortitude of Epictetus; but he thought too favourably of a frivolous age, when he imagined that we desired only to be instructed. The petty resource derived from one of our literary journals, was more productive than the united wisdom of Seneca and Epictetus.

Ten years he consumed in a solitary garret, in a state partaking more of intellect than of sense. He learnt to reason, but he forgot to feel. An habitual melancholy pervaded his gloomy habits. His acrid blood, and rigid nerves, were
agitated

agitated by no sweet emotions ; he knew not the softening confidence of love, nor the cheerful consolations of friendship ; but he calculated the passions, and judged them when they hardened into immobility ; that is, he viewed them when they ceased.

To arrange the vast diversities of nature into the contraction of a system, to methodize what is spontaneous, and to attempt to enumerate all its endless varieties, formed his sublime occupation, and his solitary amusement. Man was adapted to his system, which is much easier than to adapt a system to man. He peopled the world with Subtiles, and traced its government according to the legislation observed in the Utopia of his garret.

Is it possible that immoderate reason can really become actual insanity ? Can the wholesome cup of reason overflow with

with its gelid beverage, inflamed with its frigidity, and, like ice-water, taken in excessive quantities, will it heat? Subtile in his dismal retreat, was in a similar situation with the religious visionary, whose prolific and atrabilarious fancy, procreates a monster brood, which feed and gorge on the entrails of their mother; that species of insanity which takes possession of the melancholy being, who severed from all human interests, yields itself with phrenetic fervour to one solitary and bewitching contemplation. With a fearless hand he drew a circle round nature, and became that unreasonable being who reduced every thing to the line and compass of human reason; and with whom to vary in opinion was to wander in error. An emphatic monotony, gigantic ideas, and hyperbolical truths formed his genius, his rigid mind could not change its attitude;

attitude; but, firm and massy, made every thing yield to its superior pressure.

He considered all objects, material and intellectual, as only modifications of the same universal matter; as so many pieces of mechanism to be arranged and put together by the artist. He was a kind of cabinet-maker of the works of nature, and said, of this may be formed a table, and of that a chair; this man shall be a general, and that the historian who is to record his battles. Thus a kingdom, like a house, may be furnished with propriety; but at present our systems of government are such, that we are compelled to sit on any thing because we have not provided sufficient chairs.

Every object placed in a conspicuous situation was his abhorrence. The prosperity of the great seemed to insult the melancholy recluse. His genius, som-
brous

brous and sublime, considered superiority as oppression. His notion of order was not gradation, but equality; and as he fancied (according to the system of modern physics) that every mountain in nature was a deformity, an accidental excrescence, an elevation arising from the inundation that fell on other parts, he carried this pernicious principle into political and moral science; and could not patiently suffer a Sovereign, or a God.

The domestic habits of Subtile had all the fullen fortitude and the gloomy ferocity of an ancient Stoic; for himself he felt as little as for others; and there are occasions when the absence of sensibility looks like the most refined feeling. He, like the Roman parent, would have condemned that son whom the grateful voice of his country had absolved. Abstracted from all terrene concerns, he paced along the streets in uninterrupted cogitation;

cogitation ; with a firm step and an elevated countenance, he seemed gazing either at the heavens, or reading the pendulous shop-signs. No philosopher of Laputa could stand in more need of the attendance of a faithful flapper, to rattle his bladder with dried pease against his mouth when he was to speak, or against his ear when he was to listen. Absent amidst the petty accidents of life, he would commence a philosophical discussion under a gutter that poured on him its regular current, and afterwards remark the heavy rain that had fallen. He encountered a thousand mischances in the streets ; for London, the fittest spot on earth to meditate *on*, is the most unfit to meditate *in* : an enraged bull is the most intrepid controversialist a logician can meet ; and the most perplexing dilemma is a horse which near you is made, by the ingenuity of his rider, to

go at once backwards and forwards, and sideways: a porter crushes a philosopher like an elephant that carries a castle: the flying whips of carmen cut like the biting scourge of the satirist: the chimney-sweeper, fable as Pluto; the hair-dresser, rapid as Mercury; and the paviour, thundering as Jove, form a few of the anti-philosophical embarrassments of London. In such casualties Subtile's mania of reasoning gave a semblance of gentleness to his feelings, which was foreign to his heart; and when once run over by a furious coachman, who broke his leg, he only attempted to oppose his dialectic to the brutality of the driver. He was desirous only of punishing the criminal by the perplexities of a regular syllogism; and when carried home, said, "That man will never again run over a fellow-citizen. To reform, we have only to reason; to punish is to
"aggravate.

"aggravate. No man commits a crime
"but through ignorance, it is only a mis-
"calculation of the mind*." Humane pa-
radoxes ! too often employed for the
sinister purposes of some men of infi-
nite artifice, and infinite depravity. Yet
Subtile was perhaps not of this class ;
for as men of the world, who culti-
vate their fancy more than their judg-
ment, are apt to make the head the
dupe of the heart ; men of philosophi-
cal abstraction too frequently make their
heart the victim of their head.

• Even this notion of late, turned on all sides, and
compressed into all forms, only shews that our Lon-
don philosophers have read their Gulliver. Swift
tells us, that his Houyhnhnms, for their state de-
crees, employed *exhortations* ; "For they have no
conception how a rational creature can be *compelled*,
but only *advised* or *exhorted* ; because no person can
disobey reason without giving up his claim to be
a rational creature." Book IV. chap. X.

What

CHAPTER VI.

A philosophical Conversation, exhibiting some sublime Mysteries which have been promulgated, and some which may be; the whole terminating in a furious Diffension. A Chapter written for the Amateurs of the Curious and the Dry.

WHAT we now give will have more the appearance of a monologue than of a dialogue, being a faithful representation

What is REASON? *a system of thinking, varying with different interests.* Reason here, ceases to be reason there. The philosopher who appeals to reason, is frequently merely alluding to a peculiar system of his own: and the humblest metaphysician is the proudest of men. Shaftesbury and Locke formed
very

presentation of the conversations of some great philosophers. The interruptions of dissent to the discourse of a philosopher, is like loosening the wool of a spinning-wheel, which can never perform its useful labour, if the said wool be not firmly affixed to the iron spindle.

Thus began Mr. Subtile : " The work I propose

very distinct criterions of human actions. You would *exhort* a pickpocket against making use of his own hands; but will this *exhortation* be so efficacious as a *transportation* ?

The malicious wit of Swift has failed in this great and cynical performance. It degrades not his own species, and forms a tacit compliment to humanity. When he desired to describe a superior order of beings, he found himself constrained to give them all the noble qualities of man. Men are Yahoos only when they cease to be men; and Houyhnhnms are only humane philosophers. The supposed fact proves that the most admirable of known beings must be Man.

And

propose to publish is intituled, "Prejudices Destroyed, or Paradoxes Proved." My motto may be this French verse :

"Et nous ferons un bruit, à rendre les gens sourds."

Which may mean, that such will be the force of the conviction we leave on the minds of our readers, that they shall be deaf to the arguments of our opponents.

"Citizen Lord Belfield (this was a title

And if it be true, as Swift seems to conceive, and our London philosophers affirm, that the follies and vices of men proceed only from their ignorance, a sermon, and not a satire, was required to *exhort*, and not to *chastise*. The work of Swift is therefore ungenerous and inconsequential.

But assuredly it is not true, that *ignorance* is the only source of vice. Some of the most enlightened men have been the tyrants of the world. Man has a heart influenced by the passions more frequently, than a head that combines ideas; and sensation is more potent than reason.

of

of compromise between the equally obstinate prejudices of the nobleman and the philosopher) some will marvel, and some will start at the singularity of its doctrines. Twenty tedious years of authorship and criticism have taught me the principles of human nature and literary composition; how to interest the imagination, how to conduct the understanding, and how to variegate with the colouring gleams of a specious, a novel, a confounding ratiocination.

I shall deposit in the bosom of friendship, the secrets of my art, because we cannot now have too many artists. Every opinion that can be promulgated has an affirmative and a negative, both, to an ingenious mind, sufficiently accompanied by some probabilities; he who would distinguish himself *adopts generally the negative*, and accommodates the unknown and intangible nature of the incomprehensible,

comprehensible with the more familiar and visible line of possibility. Hence there are certain notions which few have ventured to promulgate; because hitherto, in their most temerarious efforts, they have stopped at probabilities, while only with the labour of one step more, I enter the glittering scenes of possibilities; another leap transports me into a fairy land, where, expatiating freely, I trace those half-perceptible objects concealed by their own tenuity, or marvellous by their own immensity; now seductively bright, now awfully obscure; in a word, I luxuriate in all the poetry of philosophy.

And observe farther, we cannot be too adventurous; *no postulata are too bold to advance*. When a philosopher cannot accompany his new opinion with any reasonable degree of probability, he informs us, that he leaves it to time to

ripen the germ his bold hand has thrown*. This can never fail. In the course of some years, speculative men gather all the probabilities they can, to accompany this solitary, and as yet unsupported opinion; for, as my preceding

* It is curious to observe, that in this instance the modern philosophers imitate the mode which Jesus adopted at the earliest propagation of Christianity. "He declared from the beginning it would not be generally received. He compared it to a treasure hid in a field; to a grain of mustard, which in time would grow up to a tree; and also to leaven hid in a large quantity of meal, by which the whole was in due time to be leavened and improved. But at what period the completion of his great purpose was to be effected, he has not disclosed." These are the words of Mr. Bryant, in his treatise on the Christian religion, p. 211. He adds, "That the religion of Christ *is going on*." Right glad am I to hear this cheerful familiarity from this good old man. It is the religion of an honest man; and I only lament, that I have not met with one Christian since I have known what Christianity really is.

regulation

regulation has shewn, every opinion has, though not immediately perhaps found out, its possibilities. When once these curious and subtile possibilities are drawn together, then is it that we revive the exploded extravagancies of the first inventor. Hence what appears the insanity of imagination in Helvetius or Mirabeau, becomes authorized in me and my friend Reverberator. We in our turn add our extravagant fancies, which some of our posterity will alike support. Thus from age to age extravagancies are culled, renovated, and added; and all this produces an age of reason!

Another and last secret, to which I intreat your attention, is the variety of deductions which we may form by an application of the single word *IF*. I have composed an elaborate dissertation on *IF*. In metaphysics, it is a pick-lock which opens every door opposed to

our system. I shall give you an instance in point: Suppose I desire to prove that man does not differ from a horse, I should effect this by a single IF; mark me! If nature, in place of hands and flexible fingers, had terminated our fists by the hoof of a horse, who will doubt that men without art, without habitations, without a protection against other animals, occupied entirely in procuring food, and shunning brutes of greater ferocity, would not still have wandered in forests like other fugitive herds? * Never forget, when you wish to dazzle by novelty, to employ an IF. We now proceed to the analysis of our great work.

My first postulatum is, public interest is the sole test of virtue. 'Tis simple, as all "first principles" should be, but the deductions are quite my own.

* Helvetius, L'Esprit, vol. I. p. 2.

Hence

Hence I prove, that gratitude is a vice. Your friend has effected for you some essential service; you would return the same; and this repayment of benefits may be prejudicial to the public good; hence you sacrifice to your benefactor the duty you owe to virtue, or the public interest. Why should we be grateful? Gratitude is a solecism in the language of reason. No man can confer on me *a favour*, but only do me *a right* *. You understand me; by such principles I suppose, that the famous age of reason has already taken place; that universal illumination pervades all classes; and that all the varieties of human tempers and human interests are resolved into one general apathy of congealing Stoicism. I may have antedated my period by ten centuries; but we must begin, or we shall never con-

* Godwin on Political Justice, vol. I. 137, 8vo.

clude. If a man therefore saves my life, I feel no obligation; it is the public. Nor need I return the benefit, for the fellow may deserve to be hanged.

Here Mr. Johnson gave a loud hem!

Besides, it may also be said (continued Subtile) that gratitude is dependant on the memory; some may forget to remember, and some may remember to forget. Who can split this hair? Motives are inscrutable.

Next follows my chapter on promises. All morality depends on justice. Simple principle again; but the deduction is mine. Promises are obligations to perform what I ought to perform without a promise, or it is not proper to perform. It may be said, how can a person know whether I will join with him in some future concern, if I do not give him my immediate consent. Mark my exact words. "Let beings rational and intelligent,

gent, act as if they were rational and intelligent, and the affairs of the world can be carried on, without the intervention of promises."

Here Mr. Johnson gave another hem, and a nod.

Subtile continued: You understand me; still supposing the age of reason, and that when a man is desired to act at the moment, two things will certainly take place; powerful arguments to induce him, and discernment in him to comprehend their propriety. All is secure in this chapter; for I have made such numerous and nice distinctions, between perfect and imperfect promises, that few will undertake to controvert, what will not easily be understood by any.

Then succeeds my chapter on property, or the making use of the superfluities of others. Property is sacred.

Lord Belfield wiped his face with his handkerchief.

But if I want money, and you have a superfluity, of which I am in that case a better judge than you, I then possess a just right, on the grand principle of equality, to seize from your mass, whatever my necessities may urge.

Here Lord Belfield, in an irresolute tone of voice, requested to know in what manner our legislator would seize on this property? To which the great philosopher replied, first pressing his nose with his fore finger, and raising half an eye on his Lordship :

Distinguo ! If I take more than is necessary, I steal ; but I am and must be the sole judge of my own necessities. All superfluous property is an open common.—'Tis mine—'tis your's—'tis the public's.

Yes, burst forth Mr. Reverberator, the only method will be to rescind the word property,

property, from the dictionary of human reason. It has been foisted in by stockholders, contractors, and monopolists; an honest poor man could never have conceived the ridiculous notion.

Subtile ordered attention. In the present defective state of society, the modes of seizing on this superfluous property are various. Some, who are compelled to labour, take it in salaries; some, who are good for nothing else, accept it in pensions; some, who are profuse of promises, or dissert on gratitude, slip their hands in your purse before your fascinated eyes, without danger of prosecution. Some, who know as yet but little of philosophy, take it on foot, and some on horseback. A virtuous republican would act like Eudemidas, to one friend bequeath his family, and to another the payment of his debts. It is not easy to describe the advantages that must result from this proceeding.

E 5

But

But the discovery I have made on another subject, apparently the most trivial of all human occurrences, makes me shudder.

Lord Belfield, rather agitated by the preceding one on property, enquired with quickness what that was ?

Subtile replied with his accustomed solemnity of voice—denying yourself when at home. I would not commit such a crime if a bailiff demanded admittance. It is a national system of lying and impudence ; vices which bring honest citizens to the gallows ; which word gallows, brings me to my chapter on Punishments. How, think you, I punish criminals ?

Lord Belfield observed that the guillotine was expeditious.

Mr. Dragon, his eyes reddening, his face swelling, his fist clenched, exclaimed, Keep that, Subtile, for the stinking stiff-necked

necked aristocracy ; for those fugitives who shall escape the general massacre.

Subtile replied : Mr. Dragon, I inculcate no tumults, no massacres. Change *ideas*, so that men may thus be compelled to accede to our opinions. But suffer not the rods of a Roman lictor to shed, like dropping tears, the blood of one citizen.

Dragon gave a hideous grin, striking his knee with his clenched fist, and muttering that blood, blood was the cement of true liberty ; and that he knew some of the greatest patriots of France, males and females, who knocked down their two dozen of aristocrats before dinner.

Subtile continued : I punish criminals, by no punishments at all. Every vice is only ignorance ; merely an erroneous calculation of the mind *. Enlighten, you reform.

* Thus also Mr. Holcroft, " The tendency of man is to promote his own well-being, and the

reform. Make travellers of thieves ; change their ideas by changing their circumstances. Coercion is not conviction ; it ulcerates the body, but strikes not on the mind. Thieves reason differently from us ; their “ first principles ” vary from our’s ; but they certainly are a respectable body of citizens ; and the first settlement of Rome is a happy image of thievery *. Murder itself is rarely a crime.

Consider

well-being of the creatures around him ; these can only be promoted by virtue ; consequently when he is *vicious* it is from *mistake*, and his original sin is ignorance.” Hugh Trevor, vol. i. 170.

To convince *all* that “ virtue alone is happiness below,” is, we most humbly presume, not to be expected, till the age of reason has a less suspicious existence than at the present moment. But it is well to sweep away difficulties in all arguments.

* Mr. Godwin, in his *Political Justice*, vol. ii. p. 385, 8vo. on colonization, in his scale of coercion, says, “ The first settlement of Rome, by Romulus

Consider the multifarious distinctions, the nice differences, impulses, motives, acci-

mulus and his vagabonds, is a happy image of this, whether we consider it as a real history, or as the ingenious fiction of a man well acquainted with the principles of mind!" I shall add here another quotation from a work printed in 1753, with first a word on the author. De la Beaumelle was the writer of the *Memoirs of Madame De Maintenon*. His *senforium* was a volcano of modern philosophy, and its explosions were heard in a little volume intitled "*Mes Penfees*." Had he lived latterly, he would have been a worthy compeer of Robespierre. His book has been printed in a singularly castrated manner, having sometimes merely the first syllables of words. He seems to have delighted in the idea that France would soon have its Charles I. He has a thought on the same subject as Mr. Godwin, and it is this: "A republic founded by Cartouche, would have had wiser laws than the republic of Solon, and perhaps more rapid successes than those of the Romans." p. 82, seventh edition. Long prosper thievery and philosophy, since robbers would become the wisest legislators, and the bravest heroes!

dents,

dents, uncertainty of evidence, and a hundred other enumerations, for which perpend my chapter of accidents. And after all who decides on the crime? An unmetaphysical jury, who know nothing of first principles, final deductions, probabilities and possibilities, what is a predicate, and what a postulatum.

Having proved the infinite perfectibility of mind, I come to that of the human organs. Mind, as Franklin says (and many ancients and many moderns) will at length prevail over body. What is meant is extremely simple, or extremely mysterious; I prefer the latter. In some twenty, or forty, or sixty centuries, this earth, if it lasts so long (of which I have my doubts, since Mr. Herschel assures me, that the sun diminishes every half century, the size of a crown-piece, and as Buffon has discovered, that this globe is only a vitrification from the sun, it must
either

either suddenly crack, or gradually dissolve, which I think is now the case, as the poles, I am afraid, are getting flatter and flatter). I say then, that this earth will be peopled by another order of beings; pure intelligences that will procreate by self-impregnations. Descartes thought that we might prolong life for two or three centuries, and when one of his disciples heard of his death, it took him two years before he could believe it. Bishop Wilkins, who discovered the art of aerial navigation, had no doubt that in a few years men would as commonly call for their wings, as they did for their boots. I quote these instances to prove that philosophers may happen to miscalculate. This last, however, led me to my dissertation on the winds; there I demonstrate that “it *only* depends on *some* “ *very small causes* to govern them, by “ *always* keeping the under-currents of
“ air

“ air from the S. W. and the upper currents from the N. E *.”

* The learned reader who has a fondness for the marvellous of scientific romances, may now indulge his passion in its plenitude of fancy, by carefully reading over all that has been lately, and will be, written on the winds. The words above transcribed, of the great philosopher Subtile, may be found in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxviii. p. 52. *Also*, let him read Dr. Darwin's airy note on the winds, in his fine poem; and *likewise*, Monsieur Volney's most curious questions lately addressed to all wind catchers throughout Europe. I have long meditated on what *we*, the unlearned and grateful public, could do for these great men. The philosophers of Laputa are not their unworthy rivals; and some establishment in the atmosphere, might prove of national and individual utility; we might thus get rid of these most ingenious incurables, and they, with philosophy increasing in its present ratio, would

“ Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.”

I therefore most humbly offer my subscription for an aerial hospital for incurables.

At

At present the renovation of life forms my important research, and an experiment performed last week has confirmed my hopes.

Dining with a friend, he produced madeira bottled in his cellar, above twenty years. In one bottle we found three flies. These were on the point of being rejected from all useful purposes, when the verse of Pope occurred to me ;

“ O would the fons of men, once think their eyes
“ And reason given them, but to study FLIES.”

Here Mr. Johnson immediately continued the succeeding lines :

“ See nature in some partial narrow shape,
“ And let the author of the whole escape.”

Our philosopher was offended by this continuation of his quotation, justly observing, that nothing is often more detrimental to an author's purpose, than pursuing his quotations. He proceeded :

That

That morning I discovered an air, which has yet no name ; I perforated a tumbler with a small orifice, placed my three flies under ; one hand held the microscope, the other poured in the stream of this nameless air. At first I saw, or seemed to see a kind of motion. My eye pored, the wings became transparent, shivered, spread ; the skin grew sleek, the eyes stirred, shrunk, and started ; the entire head moved, the corselet was agitated ; the stomach and the intestines took their proper place, and at length when the tracheæ, and the parts of generation of the little flies, were sufficiently heated, nature was restored to all her rights. They moved, I moved ; they climbed on the side of the tumbler, I dropped the microscope ; they lifted themselves in air, I lifted the tumbler. They escaped, and I pursued. I heard only their distant buz. Meanwhile, their companion remained lifeless.

A lucky

A lucky circumstance, since it affords me two theories, one, why flies may recover, and the other why they may not. Now, if you perpend my chapter "on the Analogies of Nature," it will be evident, that if we discover the proper air, men, like flies, may be revived. What will an attorney-general say, when his accusing eye shall startle at the spectral appearance of our renovated compeers? In a few years, it is possible, that our diurnal prints, besides their articles of marriages and deaths, will contain another on resurrections.

But the dome that is to cover the splendid fabric of philosophy, the *ne plus ultra* of metaphysics, is "A demonstration of the non-existence of the being, vulgarly denominated GOD." And this I prove by the order and concatenation visible in the works of nature. Mirabeau has done the same, but his "système" will not be recognised in mine. I had
my

my choice to prove it, by the disorder and irregularity. But the other, by falling in with the popular opinion, is the more ingenious, and the more novel.

Here Mr. Johnson interrupted the philosopher by a loud uncivil hem; it was what Johnson calls, a most sudden and violent extirpation of the breath; while Mr. Sympathy, (who we have observed had invented a new religion) rising in great agitation, addressed the metaphysician :

Mr. Subtile, you mean this non-existence of God only as a *personal attack on me*. To come out at this moment with such a demonstration ! At this moment, when the ground is purchased for my universal church ; my subscriptions rapidly filling, and my quarto, proving the existence of a God, on the eve of publication ! Besides, gentlemen, Subtile violates the solemn compact

pact into which we entered. When I proposed writing down all monarchy, Subtile informed me that he was employed on the same subject. Then said I, to you I resign the affairs of the state, provided, in return, I have all those of the hierarchy. We shared like Abraham and Lot. If thou goest to the right, I will to the left. From that hour, I considered all ecclesiastical matters as much my own, as does the Archbishop of Canterbury. And just at the moment my book and my church are coming out, he publishes this demonstration. Observe how an envious philosopher can violate his promises !

Socrates, in his basket, suspended in the air for the benefit of undisturbed meditation, sat not more unmoved than Subtile in his chair. As if scarcely attending to the rage of Mr. Sympathy, he replied with calm dignity ; As for pro-

§

mises,

mises, they were made before I had written my chapter on them. I grieve to see a citizen preferring to the public illumination a paltry subscription for an universal religion.

Dr. Bounce, hitherto silent, started up in an explosion of rage. Imagine to yourself the shape of Dr. Slop, the fat of parson Trulliber, put on an immoderate bushy wig, place a pair of spectacles on two ardent eyes, glowing like two of Argand's lamps through their clear glass; cheeks, full as those of Æolus, when he blows his last puff in a rage; a mannikin of about four feet in height, and two in breadth, twirling its square obesity, rather kicking than treading on the ground, bellowing like a young bull.—But before we proceed, we have to observe, that Dr. Bounce, was a friend to all religions but the established; because that was no establishment for him, being a placable

Unita-

Unitarian without duplicity or servility. As for the professed atheist he cared little, for he himself, had he met his Saviour in the street, would have pushed him from the wall; but the sudden reflection on the successful subscriptions of Sympathy, associating with the idea of the easy seats that his auditors always found whenever he preached in the Old Jewry, wound up his phlegm till the cord of patience snapped. "You are, said he, a self-elected Archbishop, an atheist in the pulpit, a most damnably successful hypocrite"—so saying, the orbicular doctor disappeared, rolling like a ball of living fire. Mr. Rant hastened to his tribune, to lecture on the seven Roman kings, whom it was little imagined, would have had to encounter such keen enmities among the apprentices and journeymen of the cities of London and Westminster. Lord Belfield retired, ill pleased with Subtile's

tile's chapter on property. And Mr. Dragon was not less displeased to see the assembly break up before he could exhibit two models of republican instruments; a walking cane, in which nine daggers were so artificially fixed that they could thrust in nine directions, and a fowling-piece containing nine barrels, which were managed by one trigger. It was in this manner he proposed arming every citizen; and enlightening a nation, by the flames of its metropolis!

CHAPTER VII.

A Rout.

TO delineate the thoughts of Charles, as he stept into bed, is what we cannot now attempt; his mind was involved in obscurity, every new object added perplexity to perplexity, and he even suspected that the systems he had adopted from his youth might possibly not be less absurd. Such is the first state of a mind, that, partially enlightened, sees much and comprehends little; and, if ingenuous, either closes in extravagant scepticism* and

* The device of La Mothe le Vaier, was,

De las cosas mas seguras

La mas segura es dudar.

And that of Montaigne,

Que sçais-je?

When Aristotle says, that the *beginning* of wisdom consists in doubting, there is little danger to be in-

and habitual apathy; or patiently investigating the phenomena of human life, perfects its observations, arranges the facts it assembles, and takes a human interest in whatever relates to humanity. Between the glowing reveries of a Shaftesbury, and the congealing misanthropy of a Mandeville, Charles stood poised by the solid judgment which exercise had fortified, and with the sensibility with which nature had touched his frame. Without any indecision, he yet hesitated to decide; for although he trusted to the prompt energies of his heart, he yet was not assured that its sensations were faithful, and its impulses unerring.

Among the literary society at Lord Belfield's, he selected only one person for his companion, the silent Mr. Johnson, whom he discovered to be a most con-

curred in this principle; but much, if the *end* of wisdom it is agreed can go no further, which has been the folly of some wise men.

versible

verfible perfon. The world is apt to ridicule the friendship of a youth with a man of advanced age ; but fuch is neither incongruous nor undefirable ; youth is not inftructed by youth, age is not delighted by age. The ardency of friendship is never, perhaps, more intense than in thofe who, united in the fame habits, are directed by an unequal experience. An imperceptible fuperiority interefts without mortifying ; it is an emulation, it is a counfel, it is an aid ; in whatever form it appears to our judgment, it has nothing of the malice of rivalry. It is a local enjoyment, of which none are more fenfible of its want than men of genius and reflection. Such a friendship is the paffion of a fage ; the only excefs he dares not difapprove ; it is the fenfe of our exiftence in that of another. Such was the union which took place between Charles and the obferving Johnson. Charles, with

all the exuberance of animal spirits, had taught himself to feel more pleasure in listening than in conversing; the surest criterion of future excellence, and the pleasantest kind of conversation to our friends.

It was now that season when the opulent appear most gay, and the poor most wretched; when the halls of the great are sultry as summer, while the mendicant mourns the rigours of a heaven as unrelenting as man; when the flambeaux that light the rapid chariot dart their transient flame over some human spectres, perhaps a mother and her infants who have retired to sleep on the frozen earth, and picking the offal-bone they find in the street, conceive the thoughtless waste of luxury to be benevolence. Now the crowded theatres and the splendid opera have not one elbow-place to support, nor one breath of air to revive, an hysterical beauty, alike
oppressed

oppressed by extreme heat and pathos. In plainer English, *every body* was in town; for as we justly call a certain circle of society the *great world*, so as justly we suppose the whole of its honourable members to be *every body*. Lady Bel-field now dispersed several packs of cards of invitation, to the uninterrupted disturbance of three adjacent streets.

What an object for Charles was a fashionable rout! what a whirl for the eye of fancy! what a labour for the head of meditation! Three spacious drawing-rooms were thrown open; a multitude were announced, who glided in, and silently took their places at a table, as if every thing was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. From each flight of stairs a number of names revolved in echoes, while the noble mistress was occupied, even to extreme fatigue, in saluting, not her friends who entered (for

their entrance was so rapid and continuous that a distinct and separate salutation was impossible) but the echoes of confused names, which, had she distinguished, she could not easily have fixed on their owners. Above three hundred friends were assembled, who, out of kindness, paid no attention to the noble and exhausted lady. She stood among the crowd as if she were deserted; her hurried intellect seemed only lodged in the ear; and her whole entertainment consisted in listening to the reverberation of names, in bowing to the passing shadows that flitted by, and in exchanging, for a short moment, a few distant smiles.

What an incongruity of personages! If wit consists in an unexpected association of remote ideas, perhaps something like wit is felt by the mind when we examine the odd coincidences of a rout. Through the narrow lanes formed by the
numerous

numerous card-tables, Charles glided at first with a pleasing astonishment. Antiquated dames were the rivals of blooming virgins. Cards, like death, level all, and spread an universal silence. In the abstraction of Whist, and the complexity of Cassino, the sense of beauty seemed lost in the men, and the charms of loquacious elegance in the women. At length this mute exhibition ceased to interest. Sad, it appeared to Charles, to view grey-headed Folly enquiring, with a bewildered air, for the trumps; and while his fever was only visible in his hollow eyes, seeming to forget his chalky hands and flannel feet. Pleasant was the spectacle, to observe little girls directing their palsied grandmothers in sorting the cards and numbering the fish, while their little bosoms, trembling with a pious affection for their parents, often by a glance became more useful auxiliaries than the

tendernefs of their years feemed to promife. Painful to the eye of Charles, to obferve fome of the moft beautiful countenances in Europe diftorted with the hideous paffions, or affuming a mafculine exultation. How rapid are the lines that diforder the face of beauty; how the fiery fhade of paffion inflames the tender vermilion of the female cheek; and how much good-humour and fuavity of manners are thrown away on the turning of a foolifh card!

Tired with the monotonous fcene, and one table being only the reflection of another, Charles withdrew into a corner, refolved rather to fee nothing than to fuffer the iteration of unmeaning objects. Mr. Johnson, who had obferved his motions, came to his relief; and feating himfelf, felected the characters that were moft eafily diftinguifhable, for the amufement of his young friend.

“ My

“My good friend,” said he, “a rout is not the unintelligent scene you imagine. When I look round, indeed, I am reminded of the republic of bees, which Buffon describes with more ingenuity than philosophy; for he tells us, that they are only ten thousand automata, assembled in the same place, acting precisely in the same manner; and that the order observable in the society is merely an apparent one, for the same regularity would take place in any other automata; one impels the other, and therefore each, impelling and impelled, gives a semblance of rational order. A rout, Charles, to a town-philosopher, is as useful as the perusal of a voluminous catalogue of books to a man of letters; it reminds him of titles he had forgotten, and excites a recollection of their contents.

Observe that most amiable of her sex on the right, and at two tables lower,

Fig 5

a counte-

a countenance that yields in nothing, though a few years more of age have diminished its graces, while they impart its dignity. Nature tells you they are sisters. The elder is more cheerful; because, perhaps, a protracted pain that is irremediable, diminishes that romantic sensibility which distinguishes her lovely sister. Alas! their diamond stomacher covers a bleeding heart; hearts that have been violently lacerated from the tenderest felicity. A little further sits their father; mark how slowly he takes up the tricks, and how cautiously he lays down his card. He is a merchant, who, when he found his credit on the decline, turned out his four daughters to a sanctioned prostitution, known by the phrase of great and honourable connexions. Those two daughters had interchanged their affections with two amiable men; but the speculator found it necessary to annihilate the passion that

that once he had encouraged. When he hung on the sharpest verge of ruin, he assumed the highest style of living, introduced his daughters to the first circles, and kept his eye on our Indian princes. We have among the imported luxuries of the age, exhausted and pithless beings, who return with the rapine of thirty years, and are only punished by the climate in which they effected their depredations. They come to be married and to be buried in England, and to plant on their tomb some violated and weeping rose of love. Such are the two beings that grasped the hands, but could not reach the hearts of those injured beauties. Modern fathers! Such is the Moloch rage that sacrifices your children to your ambition! This merchant, in the freedom of British land, has made an Indian market for female beauty! He still has two other slaves to sell, whom

he will not only send away portionless, but, by their connexions, will inflame the radical avarice of his sons, and initiate them into all the mysteries of commercial speculation. Meanwhile, I could assure the husbands of those two young ladies, that they consider themselves in a gloomy state of widowhood; and mourn, at every interval of reflection, the beloved partners of their affections, which shall not cease but with the last palpitation of their heart.

Your eyes are fixed on that majestic form; what an easy grace! what eloquent features! what harmonious tones! That lady was for one winter the public favourite on the stage; the heart-thrilling sister of Thalia. She was (for her dramatic existence has long ceased) one of those rare intelligences who can embody the conceptions of the poet, and, changing with every character her own habits
and

and her own voice, diffuse around, the higher illusion of the scene; she never reminded you of the same old acquaintance in Euphrasia, in Ophelia, or in Juliet. A poet, more distinguished in another republic than that of letters, obtained her hand. His dissipated fortune his lady might easily repair by a theatrical engagement; but, unluckily for the public and himself, the stern republican will not consent that his wife should appear on a *theatre-royal*, and be enlisted among *his Majesty's servants*.

Those two gentlemen in close conversation are an author by profession, and a fashionable bard. The latter has the same foppish elegance in his dress as in his verse; and his port-folio, abounding with every species of poetry, has the same variety as his wardrobe. He has a strong party in every fashionable circle, who buy a certain number of his poems,

poems, and come, in a certain number, to his comedy or his tragedy. Some literary men owe their connexions to their reputation, but he his reputation to his connexions. When he favours his friends with a rehearsal of his manuscripts, he takes in his chariot a little Welsh harp, plays his songs to his own music, and the modern minstrel fits,

“ Proud as Apollo on his forked hill.”

When he reads a dismal legend, he is accompanied by that author, whose business it is to give

“ The cue of passion ;”

and to shew, by his own motions, when the auditors are to exclaim “ Exquisite !” or “ Bravo !” and when to wipe their eyes.

As for the author, he is here among a numerous circle of patrons. He lives fashionably

fashionably among the fashionable, and yet pretends to derive his existence from his pen. Ye powers of genius ! ye liberal bounties of patronage ! And yet, Charles, the booksellers know little of this great genius. At an assembly like the present he collects subscriptions now for a novel, now for a poem, now for his travels.

Charles here interrupted Mr. Johnson, by enquiring how it was that if this writer was destitute of learning or genius, he could collect with such facility such numerous subscriptions ?

Johnson continued : Had he genius or learning, he had not been here. One part of his subscribers are ambitious to insert their names in a list sparkling with so many titles ; and the rest have their reasons——What reasons ? asked Charles.—Must I tell all ? He is the most convenient and adroit person his fashionable friends have long employed.

I am

I am surprised to see Mr. Million, that elderly man, this evening. I am positive he cannot discern a card; listen! there is a revoke! This morning he has concluded with the minister a loan negotiation. He is now forming calculations. Observe, while the cards are dealing, how nimbly his fingers move; every pressure on his thumb is worth a thousand. His whole life is a reverie of per cents, eights, and quarters; he wakes himself in his dreams by calling out the names of stock-jobbers; and as soon as he returns from the stock exchange fills sheets of calculation to decide what stock he shall change for another stock, to what price he shall raise the omnium, and riots in his numerical imagination, by anticipating the next year's loan. He realises thousands for his breakfast; and when he appears at the Bank, his magical eye can excite as many passions as that of Mrs. Siddons. A gesture

ture will fall the stocks, a laugh will raise them, and the public property is at the mercy of Mr. Million, and a dozen more of "the dunghill-breed of men." Million, was the throne to be sold, like another Didius, would be the highest bidder. Were Poland not dismembered, were America not unwilling——Ah poor Million! thou canst be no king, but thou mayest be a German Margrave, and I fear an English Lord.

Something of Mr. Million's arts of arithmetic have been greatly wanted by that elegant man of fashion, who was so unfortunate as to come too early to his rental; which little circumstance has ruined his constitution, his morals, and his sense. He married, before he became of age, a lady who had nothing but her beauty, with a violent desire of distinction. He is scarcely thirty, and not one splendid fragment of his fortune remains. His lady,

lady, merely from a rage of notoriety, indulged a passion for gaming in excess, heightened every art of dissipation, and invented some peculiar to herself. She had gold baskets of bank notes brought repeatedly in an evening; the bills of her fancy-dresser annually amounted to several thousands; she had numerous establishments, and brilliant equipages, and she fed on the sweet hope of seeing her Baronet in the upper house. Her husband was, however, a calculator, but on a different principle from Mr. Million. "I have, said he, a net income of 15,000. I shall spend annually 30 for ten years; I shall mortgage at least five more on the credit of the former ten; by that time I shall be in the house of lords; a pension and my connexions will then set all to rights." — But the time has now elapsed; his expenditure exceeded his enormous calculation; and his houses at this moment

ment seem to be places of auction, where every thing is placed for sale. He is now studious of the acquaintance of those youths who seem to have made much the same kind of calculation. He is a certain introducer at Brooke's. Her Ladyship, from Duchesses with whom she hoped to rank, now receives only flights; these, in her turn, she conveys to her acquaintance, and takes her revenge on them for the contumely she receives at court. She feels that fine expression of the poet, of

"Hard unkindness' altered eye."

They live separately, for the benefit of not tasting the bitterness of mutual reproach, and sleep alone, on the burning pillow of mad ambition and ruined grandeur.

That is Mr. * * * * the associate of our Premier. What a portrait for the face of Dulness in the next edition of the Dunciad!

Dunciad! Observe his soporific eye, his leaden attitude, and his mighty head buried in his breast. Five minutes more, and the view of him would make me sleep. He has just the abilities of a head clerk at a banking-house. Our minister, with his law education, has a notion that the dullest men are the most faithful servants. They never disconcert a scheme by any amendments of their own; obsequious and exact! The clock-work of government it seems can never go right, unless it has a proper number of leaden weights. Since the prosperity of England is now made to consist in its finance, and our minister is the first accomptant in the kingdom, perhaps to cypher and to copy may form the official capacities for every great statesman. I once thought that exactness was the sublime of fools.

Observe that female whose upper lip is bearded. Surely it was some error of nature

nature to put in that athletic form a heart that dissolves at a pressure, and blood that is inflamed by a glance. She half closes her eyes, she emits the tenderest sighs, and her air is collected and serene ; in a word, she is all love and religion. Already four husbands have died in her disconsolate arms, and she has gone through the history of all religions, for to all she has been a convert. She is now almost stationary, fixed between animal magnetism and Rosycrucianism. That female associate for Hercules is often agitated by spiritual influence, and scatters her intendered spirits in the delicious mollifications of "a luminous crisis." Religion leads on to love, and love reconducts to religion ; not a terrene object forms one human care ; the *illuminé* feels no more an affection for the dearest relatives of life ; all earth is a dung-hill, and all it's creatures are reptiles ; all, but the tall professor in magnetism, and
the

the rotund Rosycrucian, who, in their turn, are admitted to an ecstatic tête-à-tête.

Those two who appear in such perfect friendship, while the lady is complimenting her companion, you may be surprised Charles, but they are really man and wife. He is the feeble and formal Professor Lotus, that great historiographer; a curious composition of modern pedantry and literary inanity. He married because his lady discovered in him the most elevated accomplishments, and, in a word, that he was the first genius of the age. Do not condemn that woman's judgment; I assure you 'tis an excellent one; when she charmed the Doctor with this discovery, she was then past forty. Her usual conversation is generally in this manner—"This is just, my dear, as you have observed in the life of the king of Sweden;"—or, "Professor Lotus has described this admirably in his universal

universal history." At which the learned Professor strokes his face, grinning with complacency, and casts a look around, meaning, "it is very true, I have said this in my history."

That young man who leans against the chimney slab, twirling his seals, and fixing his eye on the wainscot, resembling a taylor's layman, which some use to hang their dresses on, as a model of the last fashion; and that other human puppet, the lady his companion piece, are two as unfortunate beings as are to be found in these rooms. They are what the French happily express *des desœuvrés*, persons out of employment. A trifle more of sense and fortune would put them in action; but as it is, they are doomed to be only the elegant furniture of a drawing-room; human ornaments for a chimney-piece, instead of the old Mandarines, who really had more animation, when properly touched,

ed, than the present breathing statues. Marriage bears too high a price for either; their income is scarcely sufficient for their dress; but their connexions are great, and enable them to get through the entire business of their day in Bond-street. Late rising, short meals, and long dressing, and an evening protracted to midnight, is the uniform nullity of their existence. They have made friends from the total incapacity of differing in opinion. To listen and assent is the only operation of their mind. Attracted by a similarity of character and situation, they are generally seen leaning together on a chimney-piece. They seem to meet in silent pleasure, occasionally assisting each other in dividing a solitary idea; for when one commences with effort to express something like a thought, but which dies in its birth, the other, by an equal effort, attempts to aid its imperfect delivery.

There, is a more singular character! that young man occupies the same station in life as those chimney ornaments, but his fortune and his talents are alike considerable. His curiosity is inexhaustible, his ingenuity active; he might be a man of genius; but, inconsiderate prodigal! he exhausts his opulence on the meanest objects. Science has enlightened, and, what is more rare, taste has refined; but his scientific genius is employed on inventing shoe-latchets which close and open by a particular motion of the feet; and he has exhibited more industry and invention in the manufacture of certain snuff-boxes, than would be necessary to complete an important discovery in natural philosophy. He has just returned from an eccentric excursion to Greenland, his curiosity having been excited at hearing that a whale had never been anatomised on the spot! He has travelled to India through

the deserts of Arabia; has been at the head of the Nile; and was the first British æronaut. The same ardour and facility, directed to nobler objects, had distinguished this ingenious idler by an eminence of talents.

There is * * * *. And has he yet the audacity to exist? View the descendant of an illustrious family; his ancestors, even in the dissolute age of the second Charles, relaxed not of their austere honesty, and exulted in the patrimonial dignity of a long and uncorrupted line. Their revenues were large as their virtues; and when my Lord Duke came to their venerated title, his compliances with a certain party were considered as the condescension of affection, rather than the subjection of imbecility. He was a woodcock for those who make springes. Dissipation was spirit, caprice invention, and absurdity humour. Did you enquire where is
the

the Duke? oh! he is playing at tennis with his grooms, or sparring with his pugilists, or in his theatre leaping with harlequin. Happy had my Lord Duke been only an idiot. It was his pride to throw at the largest fums. Four of his friends resolved to set him out; they mutually agreed to play till each had ruined himself, or his adversary. The Duke sent the three first away, after three days and three nights, bankrupts in fortune and in honour. One retired to return no more, and presented to conjugal affection, to filial hope, and to anxious honesty, a bleeding corpse. The Duke was alike forsaken by his fortune, and the accumulation of centuries was dissolved at one final throw. These are not all his crimes—but enough. With an unmanly consolation he has sworn, that the noble race of the * * * * shall close with him; and in that virtuous family at length is seen, one, who laboured with

more zeal to blot their name on the fair page of history, in a few short years, than they did to preserve it unblemished through ages. There is a zeal, a devotion, an enthusiasm in villainy, as in virtue.

Here the assembly broke up.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Vulgar Religions.

SOME professor in a German university, has, in the elaboration of three folios, proved, that our country is a country of sects ; not that this was really the point he aimed at ; we will venture to affirm, that was above him. The discovery is, indeed, quite our own, effected by the page of his contents, which having carefully cut out of his long performance, abounding in long periods (and which it is charitable to advise an asthmatic patient not to read out, and a purblind one not to read at all): we now consider, that we can put *L'esprit* of the aforesaid three German folios, in our waistcoat-pocket.

Multæ sunt mansiones in domo patris mei, that is, in plain English, we abound with chapels, meetings, conventicles, &c. An Englishman, like a true son of liberty, goes to Heaven by the road which pleases him best; or changes it, with the same happy indifference, as the famous Count Bonneval, who observed, when he became a Mahometan at Constantinople, that it was only exchanging a hat for a night-cap.

The discovery of "TRUTH," has proved not less perplexing to philosophers in all ages, than to "the elect" of the present. Even in lettered Rome, there existed such a variety of *sects*, (by courtesy called philosophical) that it were uncandid not to allow the same to the good people of England; who really are *people* by their number and their character. Shall every great philosopher of the day, "all and each" be permitted to have an infi-

nite variety of *no-religions*, while the people are to be ridiculed for having no less a variety of *religions*? We oscitants and philosophers have seven Sundays in the week, changing perhaps every Sunday our system; those who only have, by act of parliament, but an hebdomadal Sunday, (the very day too that their shops are barred and bolted) are much more in want of a place of public entertainment*.

Love and Terror, those two springs of the human heart, and that principle in nature, which conducts the philosopher

* A philosophic lady is of opinion, that playing at bowls or skittles on Sundays, as in all catholic countries, is more innocent and religious than attending public prayers. She alledges no trifling reason in support of her opinion, "As it might stop the progress of *methedism*, and of that *fanatical spirit* which appears to be gaining ground." Wollstonecraft's Letters, p. 113.

to the theatre, to save him from the atrophy of listless inaction, and which voluntarily we allow to give the thrill of artificial terrors, or to dissolve us with fictitious tenderness, that principle it is, which conducts the sectarist to his little assembly. If we reflect, we may discover that the very talents which make Kemble a finished performer on the stage, conduce to form a sectarist in his pulpit; the only difference is, that the pulpit orator has experimentally acquired certain notions, which are peculiarly adapted to agitate the dispositions of his auditors; but tragic horrors, and amatorial passions, alike form each dramatic exhibition. On this curious subject, the penetrating Hobbes has thrown out an observation, now as fresh and vigorous as it was in the last century, "There be very few
" bishops (says he) that ACT A SERMON

" as

“ as well, as divers presbyterians and
“ fanatic preachers can do *.”

Pure

* The following passage from a letter of Voltaire, elucidates this subject with greater effect, and is at the same time a delicious morsel of criticism. Bourdaloue was nearly the Corneille of the pulpit, as Massillon was afterwards the Racine. Bourdaloue was desirous of arguing like Corneille, and Massillon studied to be as elegant in prose as Racine in verse. Bourdaloue was accused, as was Corneille, of too much reasoning, too much proving instead of touching, and sometimes giving but indifferent proofs ; in a word they had both too much of the Pleader. Massillon, on the contrary, considered that it was best to paint and to agitate ; he imitated Racine as much as he could be imitated in prose. His style is pure, and his pictures are affecting. He is a pupil who attempts to wrestle with his master—Massillon and Cheminai knew Racine by heart, and concealed the verses of this divine poet in their pious prose.

It was thus that many preachers were accustomed to take lessons of Baron the actor, in the art of declamation ; and afterwards adjusting the gesture of the

Pure Protestantism, refined almost to a philosophical institution, loses it's partisans among the people. The people have ears and eyes, but no understanding; either in a lethargy or a fever, they view with indifference the simplicity of the gospel, or rage with the phrensy, communicated by that artful man, who terrifies their imaginations, inflames their hearts, and confounding their reason, at length saves them from all their perplexities by a private door, of which the saint, if paid his quarterage, presents the golden key.

The public are acquainted with a voluminous catalogue of sects; but hun-

player, by gestures suitable to a holy orator. Nothing proves clearer, that all the arts are fraternal, although artists are far from being so.

In another place he observes, that Maffillon imitated Racine in preaching, yet all dramatic writers he damned! every apothecary vaunts his own medicine, and explodes the use of his neighbour's.

dreds

dreds, like small subterraneous currents, are only known to those who reside at the little source. A sect without a Hill to bellow, a Lady Selina to patronise, or a Priestley to sanction with his loquacious learning, confines it's heavenly ambition in the darkness of an alley, or perhaps extends it's salvation through some neighbouring streets. A philosopher may discover in this metropolis, an old crippled religion, crutched and led, or an infant one, of scarcely a year's growth. In one place he may be taught that Jesus was neither con-substantial nor co-equal with the father, but was begotten out of nothing, and out of time* ; and this jargon, will induce these to come to verbal or corporeal controversy, with those who within twenty doors inform you, that if we do nothing for Heaven, we do all that God requires ; for he only requires faith,

* Arianism.

and bestows on us his grace ; that all the moral law is nothing, for holiness is nothing, but grace and justification are all in all *. As many doors further, a man may learn, how he is to be turned into a babe, by regeneration, but not by justification ; while the sisters are exhorted, never to meditate on the circumcision of Jesus, but with a profound veneration of that part of the human body, on which the fall of Adam seems to have cast an odium ; and, not to dissatisfy the fair, with no unadroit flattery they are informed, that all souls are of the feminine sex. There are, (says the famous Zinzendorf) only *animæ*, and no *animi* †.

* Antinomianism.

† Moravians. This Count Bishop's reveries, are sufficiently known by their close alliance of love with religion. He is copious in his descriptions of the wounds of the Saviour; and particularly says of one (as quoted by Bryant)—Ye are all venerable ! but one is my favourite bit !—Bryant on the truth of the Christian Religion, p. 23.

And

And is it not wonderful, that by this ambidexterous adulation, every woman is not a Moravian? In assemblies like the present, the philosopher will not be a little amused by the table-talk, or spiritual chit-chat of the members who meet, for the pleasures of half an hour's conversation. He will hear from these exemplary faints, enquiries of—"Who is in danger?"—"Who is safe?"—"Who has gone over to the Armenians *?"—"Whose sins have confined a sister in bedlam, or the lying-in-hospital?"

* From good authority, I am enabled to inform the curious reader, that of a periodical publication, called "The Armenian Magazine," no less a number than *twelve thousand* are dispersed monthly. It is a work which my readers may probably never have met with; and tends to prove that the hot fanatical days of the age of puritanism, still ferment the sultry imaginations of a great portion of the citizens of this philosophical metropolis.

Such

Such are the pernicious conventicles that abound in this metropolis, like those shops that vend the poison of spirits at a small rate, accommodated to the price of the poor. A miserable stock of damaged divinity, as well as a few kegs of damaged liquor, are sufficient to set up either trade.

Charles, one day, entered with Mr. Johnson the shop of a bookseller, who, it appeared, was an old acquaintance of the latter. The following conversation took place.

Johnson. "My good friend, how stands the state of religion? Which is the name of the best-selling saint? Is it Rowland Hill, or Wesley, or Romaine?"

Bookseller. "All dead, literally or figuratively. I gave too much for that Rowland's works, for I imagined he would have lasted my time out; handsome fellow, stout voice, and a very elegant attitude, with a white handkerchief.

I'll

I'll have nothing more to do with those preachers, who depend entirely on the favour of the ladies. Women are as capricious with their religions as with their ribbands, and change their ministers, with as much facility as their milliners. If there had not occurred now and then, a revelation, a resurrection, or a luminous crisis in animal magnetism, my shop had stood empty ; rows of their books moved as little as a stand of hackney coaches in fair weather. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," (as the witches say in Macbeth,) to those who are venders of controversy, or keepers of hackney-coaches. This winter has brought matters round. Don't you know, Sir, that one Fleming, (Heaven rest his soul) did really predict the downfall of the French monarchy ? A thousand have done the same ; so the chance was, that if ever it occurred, some one would, as they all differed

differed about the time, come pretty near the mark. If no one had, they would have remained quietly on the dusty shelves of the Red-cross-street Presbyterian *public* library, where no one is admitted but the librarian. What with republishing new editions of Fleming, who predicted this downfall in 1793, and other little matters ; as the public is a ravenous animal of curiosity, it's hundred hands, and it's hundred eyes, were all in motion. Some vociferated for those who had predicted this great event, within twenty or thirty years ; while others, who considered themselves not less wise, though not so nice, were satisfied with those who only predicted it in the course of the century. Sir, all this I owe to the book of Revelations ; it has more in it than infidels will allow ; and seems to me to be a legacy left by Saint John, for the benefit of honest christian bookfellers.

“ But

“ But the prophet that has lately arisen ! and the member of parliament ! The row is in commotion ; we are all as happy as an undisturbed hive of bees. But these are damnably oppressive times, when a prophet is sent to Bedlam ! I did intend to have given this prophet for his copy-right, his board and lodging, which is all I think a prophet can fairly require. It has been a great injury to me, that he is confined in Bedlam. Yet, I have hired a prophet at a guinea a week ; but the fellow has more wit than insanity, or rather he is infanely witty, and may get me into Newgate for his libels. Besides, what is a prophet without a member ? The fellow prates about his cleverness and originality ; but a prophet should not be clever or original. Let him be drunk as Isaiah, melancholy as Jeremiah, descriptive as Ezekiel, grumbling as Jonah, as great a dreamer as Daniel, and
write

write in the style of the book of Revelations, that he may give room for an expounder; any commentator will do a sheet for a crown.

Johnson. "What are your new publications?"

Bookseller. "Sir I have them of all descriptions and all sizes. My shop is a very Exchange of religious tastes. Some little discernment of mine, Mr. Johnson! I observed, that each class of men has a language of it's own; some ideas peculiar to their professions or pursuits. So I adopted titles to their comprehensions—"Crumbs of Comfort," a saleable book this whole century, began to lose ground by the meanness of it's title, so I dash it off with "A Handful of Honeyfuckles." "A Shove for a heavy—Christian," stands in great need of a new title. I have musical titles—"The Last Trumpet"—"The Drum of Doomsday"

—or

—or medical, “A Weapon’s Salve for the Church’s Sores”—“Divine Treacle against the Poison of Pelagius;” or commercial as—“Heavenly Thrift”—“The Bank of Faith;” or mechanical, as—“Spying-glasses for short-sighted Arians;” or terrible, as—“Salvation lost”—“Endless Fire in the endless Pit;” or tender, as—“Seven Sobs of a sorrowful Soul”—

“And because I love free discussion, as every bookseller should, since the French emigrants arrived, to make trade a little brisker, I print their missals, masses, prayers, &c. The established church can fear no great mischief from Catholicism in two-penny pamphlets. Here is one by Father Joseph, an honest Carmelite, who informs his readers, that if they will do thus and thus for the Virgin, she will do this and that for them.”

Johnson. “But pray who answers for the Virgin?”

Bookseller.

Bookseller. "Father Joseph, to be sure."

Johnson. "But who answers for Father Joseph?"

Bookseller. "Why, Sir, his whole order—a most uncatholic question!"

Charles. "What a formidable author lies along that entire shelf! twenty-four volumes in 8vo! He is the *De Lyra* of the age! He extends himself like the *Leviathan* of Milton,

"Wallowing unwieldy his enormous length!"

Bookseller. "Marvellous is it to me, gentlemen, that you are not acquainted with the great Mr. Huntington! The fellow is of excellent promise; stout and hale, seems long-lived, and has a fist like a Hercules. Of theological controversialists, we judge generally by their corporeal state. In the grounds of theology, this author spreads about and becomes as eradicable

dicable and acrid as horse-raddish; root him out, up he springs, and runs over any ground where he is once fairly fixed. The dog's works sell, for he has two meetings, and manages matters to admiration. In Monckton-street, where his auditors consist of aged tradesmen and canting old sisters, with not a drop of warm blood under their shrivelled skin, he rouses them with groans and sighs, for the eternity of hell fires, and his grand system is there *the fear of God*. —But in Titchfield-street, a gayer part of the town, with an audience of pretty girls and smart dashers, he is luxuriant in the joys of paradise, the fountain of bliss, the songs of Solomon, and his system there consists of *the love of God*. I have a great respect for Mr. Huntington, although he was only a coal-heaver till gifted by the spirit, and assist him as well as I can in his orthography. Heaven rarely sends with it's illuminations grammatical knowledge.

Poor

Poor man! at present he has lost his voice!"

Johnson. "How?"

Bookseller. "Why, Sir, such was the fervour of his zeal to be heard by those who stood without doors (as is often the case when he preaches) that vociferating with such force, a dismal hoarseness from a sore throat has taken place; and the great preacher at this moment can only talk in whispers."

Here closed this singular conversation; but as Charles felt still a curiosity in what related to this voluminous saint, in returning home Johnson gave him a sketch of his character and his life.

"Can we call that man a fanatic (said Johnson) who, from the occupation of digging in a coal-pit, has had the sagacity and the art to establish two religious fraternities of his own, and realise a considerable income? In his circumscribed space,
he

he has effected as much as Mahomet, had he only had two streets in this metropolis at his command, could probably have done.

Mr. Huntington has favoured the world with his own life and his own portrait; and to my taste they are more interesting than Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's and Mr. John Lackington's, both gentlemen who are willing to assist posterity by two lives which, I am of opinion, no one else had been solicitous to write; notwithstanding Mr. Wakefield can recollect as great a number of quotations in Greek verse, as Mr. Lackington seems to have known in English; but a quotation is nothing but a quotation, whether in Greek or in English; and Mr. Lackington is far superior to the aforesaid Mr. Gilbert Wakefield in his vernacular idiom; for notwithstanding the said Greek excerpts of the said Gil, he composes English verse and
prose

prose in the same manner that Aristotle would himself have done, if that Grecian had resided a few months in England.

“For heaven’s sake (said Charles, interrupting Johnson) leave Wakefield quietly among his boys. Consider

“Pains, reading, study, are *his* just pretence,
And all *he* wants is spirit, taste, and sense.”

Johnson. “Shall I suffer in silence his “flashing and pidling” of our immortal Pope? As for his shilling politics, or his poetical libels, called translations, I and the world would have said nothing. But I lose my patience, and let me own it too, when a pedant, ostentatiously throws his heavy offerings on the altar of the Graces.

Saint Huntington passed his early years in a coal-pit, and there to this moment would have remained quietly, had accident not thrown a Bible in his hand.

hand. With an empty stomach and a full head, the night brought visions, and the day inspirations. When the mind is bewitched by a religious fancy, the commonest incident, and the slightest accident, bear with them testimonies of the election of heaven. Mark what I have observed; when a man is once fairly converted, as certain will he convert others; it is the very precept of Horace in other words; for what has brought conviction to one fool, will serve for the conviction of another. Two sages argue without perceiving a mutual conviction; wisdom finds innumerable impediments; when two fools reason, the first who begins will be certain of persuading the other; folly propagates with facility. I could give you good metaphysical reasons for this. Our Saint's coal-pit became a conventicle. He exulted, and emerged into light. Men, women, and children crowded.

Huntington, besides being a great swearer, liar, &c. was as brawny as Samson, and as amorous as David. He had his Dalilah and his Bathsheba. Satan, disguised in the gravity of a churchwarden, informed him, that whatever freedom this country allows to be taken with the spirit, the act of parliament was strong relative to those of the outward man. This was the first trial; and he confesses that he was the most inveterate of sinners, eager for repetition, and careless of repentance; but then, as he further observes, gold which is burnt seven times in the furnace, loses it's alloy, and at length comes out in all it's virgin purity.

When Satan, in the form of a churchwarden, disappeared, Huntington flew from his coal-pit with the wings of an angel; that is, with rapidity and holiness. As it has been the custom of all divine men (probably for reasons best known to them-

themselves) since the time of Abraham, when they run away, because they are called by the Lord, to disguise by enlarging their names, so did our present saint. Every thing, my friend, in this world is imitation. His original name was *Hunt*, which he now enlarged to that of *Huntington*, and for which take his reasons. *Hunt*, because I am engaged in the chace of the wicked, or rather, as we have seen, the wicked were in chace of him; *ing*, because this is the end of all wickedness, such as swearing lying, &c.; and *ton*, because I am a vessel of the Lord.

I shall not dwell on the visions and apparitions of Mr. Huntington, they are minutely recorded in his life; and all that we can learn from them is, that when once a man begins to see visions, like any other habit, it grows on him. His new name, however, was not more fortunate than it's predecessor; Satan pursued him from place

to place, and always chose the same figure of a parish guardian. Now the man grew famous throughout the land, "from Dàn even unto Beersheba," that is, about a circumference of three miles. His enemies gathered, and suspicions spread, that he was not "a going about doing good," and *merely* for the *propagation* of the Gospel.

Amidst all such persecutions he bore himself up like a man and a prophet; that is, he has given an unblushing account of his conduct, compares himself with David and Solomon, and returns devout thanks that he is no worse than they were. Our missionary established a regular thriving trade; disserting in prose, and allegorising in verse, not indeed with the fertile imagination of a Bunyan, but with that vein of vulgar sense, which to the vulgar is true eloquence.

A little country tabernacle was now his pride and his ambition. He succeeded

ceeded in all those divine and valuable projects, which fancy could excite in the brain of an apostolical coal-digger. Satan now assumed another form, that of an Arian landlord. And this was the happy origin of his good fortune; the accidental cause of his entering the wide field of theological controversy. He paid his rent by writing against his landlord, and formed the gradual, and now mature, establishment of two seminaries of fanaticism; two little theatres of which the receipts are considerable, and in himself unites the characters of manager, actor, and author.

“ I can observe no difference” said Charles, when Johnson concluded this narrative “between the fanaticism of Ignorance and the fanatacism of Philosophy. Every philosophical leader is a kind of Huntington; and every new system seems to terminate in something like a conventicle. But WHERE, my friend, ARE THE HONEST MEN?”

To which Johnson replied—"Honest men, Charles, are not gregarious. Observe a crowd; the favourite orator is rarely an honest man; he is only the organ of a party, while the honest men, who are too often silent, are generally considered by each party, as so many impediments in their way to get closer to the orator; and in the attempt these parties make to unite themselves with him, the honest men are pushed aside, or trampled on, as the mercy or the ingratitude of the multitude wills; exiled like ARISTIDES, or torn to pieces like DE WITT.

CHAPTER IX.

*The Progress of Law, Physic, and Divinity,
exemplified in the Life of an inoffensive
Man.*

THE unfortunate female, whom Charles had relieved with a bounty, that proceeded more from the benevolence of his heart, than the decision of his judgment, (for still prejudice whispered in his ear the hateful distinction of prostitute) having been desired by Charles to disclose her history, delivered herself in the following plain narrative.

My history is a description of the melancholy effects of three great professions. My late husband Mr. Wilson, at the age of forty, obtained by the favour of an old lady, a small estate near Bridgewater.

His life had passed in persevering obsequiousness and anxious attention, to the wants and desires of this aged matron. Troy did not undergo a siege more regular, and more procrastinated, than this estate. He won her affections by passing long evenings in conversation or in silence; in never breaking the repose of her easy naps, while she admired the careful silence of his footsteps, and his curious felicity in stirring the fire, without striking on the bars of the grate. He assisted in making embrocations, emplasters, and emollients; distilling elder flowers, compounding diet-drinks, and once relieved the feebleness of her sight, by a fortunate application of euphrasia or eyebright. Every morning he made enquiry, if her cough had much tickled in the night. His industry was at length rewarded, for she coughed no more.

His character, which was gentleness,
devoid

devoid of hypocrisy, by such means was well adapted to obtain an estate, but these were ill suited to preserve it. The habits of obsequiousness and assent to every opinion he heard, enervated his faculties; too timorous to contradict, too indolent to act, too indecisive to discover the characters of men, he now found himself surrounded by beings more perplexing, and less placable than the old lady, to whose sole quiet he had devoted his inoffensive days. Her caprices had given him an agreeable employment, her satisfaction was his highest happiness, and the old elbow-chair of his venerable associate long reminded him of pleasures that had past, when he sat opposite, and gazed around with a heart full and satisfied.

He now experienced a domestic vacuity, intolerable to a person who could not soften the miseries of inaction, by

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those

those various pursuits which adorn and exhilarate our existence. My father was a curate, who lived with extreme difficulty; and when Mr. Wilson was desirous of supplying the place of his ancient companion, he applied to my father. It was a connexion above our hopes; the dissimilarity of our age, could form no obstacle to the humility of my desires; and I willingly resigned my person to a man of inoffensive dispositions, who I well knew never to have made an enemy.

We had scarcely been happy a few months, when, to our mutual surprise, we perceived that Mr. Wilson had one, as implacable as he was formidable. Esquire Bustle had just arrived from London to reside on his estate, and it was soon discovered that he was jealous to excess of his manerial rights. He had a cousin in London, an attorney, who

who had drawn up his will; and as a mark of his gratitude for what that will contained, and to ensure its permanency, he had offered his gratuitous services to the Esquire, for the protection of his property; nor was this an inconsiderable present, or an idle tender; for Bustle was known never to retire with pleasure to rest, unless the day had produced some cause which might be brought on at the next term. The costly price of law we bewail in this country, as a great grievance; indeed, it seems only in the reach of very rich men; but I have sometimes thought, that it is perhaps not an evil of the magnitude it appears; for since law is thus costly, all dread a suit, few are forward to commence one, and seize on any friendly accommodation. If law were very cheap, there are many noxious beings who would disturb the quiet of a neighbourhood by incessant

attacks, formed on pretences, which, were they false, would still remain to be discussed. I believe some men would pass their days in court. The character of Bustle has taught me these reflections. As soon as he had adjusted matters with his cousin, to have all his law affairs managed gratuitously, he had nothing more to do than to indulge in the luxury of discovering occasions to employ the utmost industry of his attorney. Directly on his arrival on his estate, he walked over his grounds, cautiously attended by his bailiff, who always accompanied him, that he might be ready as a necessary witness in law. In his first peregrination, he returned home happy, for he was in a rage.

One of our fields was only divided by a slight quickset hedge, from part of the grounds of the Esquire ; there was, indeed, a dry ditch scarce perceivable, and
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in which grew a crab-apple tree, placed in all appearance in our field. It shaded and reclined over our ground, and, from time immemorial, the property of these crab-apples had been considered to appertain to the deceased old lady. One of our servants was cutting a crab-stick, when Esquire Bustle passed. He stopt, whispered the bailiff, and both immediately measured the hedge, and groped in the ditch. Bustle at length turned to the bailiff, desired him to listen, and remark every thing that should happen, without any interference. "My lad," said he, "how dare you pillage that crab-tree?" The servant, who already knew Bustle's character, was now well pleased (as such persons are) in irritating the litigious Lord of the Manor, and asserted his master's right to the crab-apples. The Esquire was still employed in the ditch, when, suddenly starting, he exclaimed,

" Simple

“ Simple larceny, by G—— ! transportation ! whipping !” So saying, he gravely announced to the bailiff, that he was going to take possession of the crab-tree, which he began by plucking the fruit. The servant opposed, and retook the apples by violence. “ That’s an action of battery ; mark bailiff !” continued the Esquire. “ Tell me, firrah, have your master and you ever taken conjointly, and in the night, these crabs ?” — “ Yes, sure, as well as in the day” — “ Compound larceny ! aiding and abetting by G—— ! Acquaint your master, that he and you have been both guilty of felonious taking and carrying away these my crabs. I’ll have law, by the statute 6 of Geo. III. c. 36. The case is a glorious case ; it contains a dozen in one. First, the side of this hedge is much damaged by that fellow’s clambering for crab-sticks ; secondly, you are an aider and abettor by
your

your own confession ; thirdly, your master has been observed taking these crabs, which is simple larceny ; fourthly, you have violently assaulted me, which thievery and battery make compound larceny ; fifthly, you have not only taken but carried away, and had they only been carried to the end of the field, and left there, it is a sufficient *asportation*—that's the word. Tell your master I was born in a land of law and freedom ; law is the privilege of a Briton ; I can go to law with the king. Hark ye ! he may not understand, unless you tell him that this same crab-tree has got the best part of *it's roots* in my ground ; and, therefore, nature has made it my property ; and I promise he and you shall taste something much sourer than the aforesaid crabs ; statute 6 Geo. III."

When the servant returned, and reported this affair, poor Wilson, well knowing
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the dispositions of Esquire Bustle, immediately sent the following note, written in great simplicity of heart, and without a suspicion of malice in the terms.

“ Mr. Wilson presents his best respects
“ to Mr. Bustle, and very sincerely apolo-
“ gises for the ignorance of his servant.
“ He assures him, that any number of the
“ crab-apples, and the crab-sticks, shall
“ be reserved for his use.”

This note was ill adapted to soothe the irritated litigant, who vociferated for law ! He observed, that this mode of compromise would be as dangerous as compounding felony. I have to answer, said he, to my posterity for these crabs ; and they shall not suffer from my negligence. Wilson would compound merely for a life-term, but this would not be binding on his heirs, executors, and assigns. The
crab-

crab-tree shall be decided on by a British jury. 'Tis a nice case, a most glorious uncertainty ! The roots are equally spread on both grounds, but being rather more in mine, it becomes my *natural* property ; if I find the necessary documents to prove my grandfather, as I suspect to have been the planter, it is mine by *inheritance*. And then the battery, the larceny, the felony ; for a crab, I affirm, is a fruit-tree. He secretly exulted, that in pursuing this complex indictment from court to court, the agreement of his cousin, the attorney, protected him from the ruin that eventually must fall on his adversary, whether he gained or lost his cause.

Had the entire estate of the Esquire depended on the property of this crab-tree, his attentions could not have been more indefatigable, nor his preparations more formidable. I cannot, Sir, instruct you correctly respecting the whole legal process.

How

How it came at length into the higher courts, I know not ; but outrages were described in so solemn and terrifying a manner, that Mr. Wilson appeared the chief of a banditti, instead of the most inoffensive inhabitant of a little village ; while our servant was divided into as many assailants, as those who increased at every fresh recital of the fat knight. I was informed, that in the court of chancery, where it was contrived to carry this suit, it is necessary to fill voluminous skins of parchment with the grossest fictions, and the most unintelligible jargon. Every new plea or petition, brought some new exaggeration. Our ducks were found in his ponds, a horse leaped over his pailing, and he calculated, with precision, the loss he had incurred by our cattle browsing a hedge for several successive years. There was cause upon cause, writs of error from the common law

law side, and what began in the court of King's Bench, where we gained our suit, was, with a writ of error to reverse judgment, placed by the industrious ingenuity of Buffle's cousin, the attorney, in that court of appeal, called the court of Exchequer Chamber, where I think it did not long rest ; but has lain for many years in the court of Equity.

“ Meanwhile, all this was carried on at an enormous expence on the side of poor Wilton. It was now his pleasure, and the only malice his gentle dispositions were capable of fermenting to, when he observed the lion and his jackal, the Esquire and the bailiff, to stand under this crab-tree, and pluck the apples, while the servant would clamber to cut a crab-stick, which he flourished in open defiance of the Esquire ; but all this innocent revenge, served only to supply with new matter the romantic incidents of that
great

great novelist, the Esquire's cousin and lawyer. I recollect one good-natured expression of Wilson, that since this crab-tree had produced a suit in chancery, it was more than probable, that he should at least enjoy it's four produce during his life.

The law expences threatened to be ruinous, and poor Wilson's spirits funk at every new bill of his lawyer. A nervous fever took place. The apothecary of our village was a warm advocate for Dr. Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," a work, he assured us, most necessary for all families ; but as the prescriptions cannot be correct, since that requires a personal knowledge of the patient, he referred us to himself for that portion of the medical character. Wilson devoutly applied to this complement of human maladies. But from this slow fever on the spirits, occasioned by the long suit in chancery, he

he never recovered, and to Dr. Buchan he was indebted, for a catalogue of human diseases of the most opposite nature. Sometimes he feared to die of a suffocation, occasioned by a plethoric habit; then of the slow and certain wheezings of the asthma; now of the commotions of an indigestion; he had now the yellow jaundice, and now. Saint Anthony's fire. He turned his apartment into a repository of medical apparatus. Fleecy hosiery, and blue flannel nine times faithfully dyed; dumb bells and chamber horses; flesh brushes and shower baths; nervous draughts and fever powders; a species of morbid luxury presented itself around, and the unhappy patient sat with a thermometer in his hand!

If I seemed to think, Sir, that the exorbitant costs of the Law are so far beneficial, that they hinder many a disputant to resort incautiously to it's tribunals, so I
equally

equally lament, that the shop of the apothecary is not as extravagant as the court of chancery. In one respect it bears a resemblance; in the length of time the patient, in either case, remains in the hands of those to whom he resorted for relief. We pay, in both instances, for an immoderate number of neutral draughts.

It was in this feeble and unnerved state, that I used to sit by poor Wilson, while he was adjusting the scrolls of his attorney, which looked like the volumes of the ancients, which, when unrolled, extend to an immense space. He never quitted them but with a sigh, that expressively told the state of the heart from which it sprung; it was like a hollow voice, that breathed its melancholy tones amidst a scene of ruins. I turned my eyes from the unoffending victim of law and physic, and when he caught a tear wandering on
my

my cheek, I assured him that it was not so much occasioned by the chancellor, as by Dr. Buchan, whose volume I had reason to suspect, was more pernicious than the writs of error issued by Esquire Bustle.

Law and phyfic were not the only evils this inoffensive man had to encounter; divinity came to disorder the seat of reason. Bustle had ejected (I think that is the legal term) a certain Antinomian preacher from his newly erected meeting, for a nuisance of neighbourhood; first, as a *common nuisance*, for keeping a disorderly house; to which, it seems, his saints had converted his private dwelling-house; and secondly, as a *private nuisance*, because this meeting blinded an *ancient window* of an ancient tenement of the Esquire's; but, Sir, if the window had not been *ancient*, that is, if it had not subsisted there a long time without interruption,

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an action, our lawyer said, could not have been laid *. Such is the tenuity of legal distinctions ! But the wife of the Antinomian experienced from the *law* of Buffle, the legal misfortunes peculiar to our sex. He indicted her first, as an eaves-dropper, for listening under walls and windows ; secondly, as a common scold, or, as I recollect the term, *communis vixatrix* ; a law latin expression, which, the attorney informed me, was confined to the feminine gender †, and which, permit me to observe, is a glaring injustice to our sex ; for *common scolds* may, I presume, be found more frequently among certain persons of the masculine gender, and such characters as Buffle, are assuredly a species of this genus.

A common fate had introduced this Antinomian into our house, and the plea-

* Blackstone, vol. iii. p. 217.

† Ibid. vol. iv. p. 167.

ture of venting our reciprocal sorrows had made him more intimate than I desired. It was not long before I perceived, that the feeble and wounded intellect of Wilson was unresistingly accessible to the purposes of this fanatic. His conversations afforded him an intense delight, and a continued perusal of controversial points in theology absorbed his attention from every domestic concern. He passed laborious days, and sleepless nights in explaining the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father; the distinction between grace and justification; and was overjoyed to hear that Buxle avowedly ridiculed the Athanasian creed, for which he was positive he would feel the eternity of hell torments. I must not now disguise to you, that Mr. Wilson lost all his humanity, and while his head wandered among the speculative and incomprehensible points of theology, his heart nou-

rished an implacable hatred to, and a thirst of vengeance on all persons who differed from his extravagant opinions. His little charities were now confined to a few wretched beings, who, in the daily violation of every moral duty, dissipated by the hour on the efficacy of grace, and the salvation of faith. Wilson, by a conversation with the Antinomian, was at length made to believe, that he was in a state of damnation; because of some controversial points, which he unwarily owned he could not believe, because he could not understand. "What shall I shall do to save my precious soul?" enquired Wilson. "Defend me, (said the man of grace) from the attacks of the great Arian"—Esquire Bluster. If the Antinomian had commanded him to throw himself into the burning lava of Vesuvius, he would not have hesitated; he, however, now only threw himself once more into chancery. We
soon

soon found it necessary to sell our little estate, which was bought by our attorney. Wilson never recovered from the terrible state in which religion had placed his mind. He sat whole days in melancholy silence, occasionally ejaculating, "ah my precious soul!—the Lamb! the Lamb! —The gates of hell open, and lo! there is gnashing of teeth, wailing, and fires that burn, but consume not." We at length had scarcely money enough left to convey my unhappy husband to London, for the advice of Dr. Monro. He expired shortly afterwards, in a fever of lunacy and religion, execrating his sinful existence, and regarding myself and his children with abhorrence. Alas, Sir! this was more cruel to suffer, than our preceding misfortunes; the inoffensive and kind Wilson had been an indulgent husband, and an affectionate parent. I was left in this vast metropolis unfriended and unknown. I had now no relative on earth. I wanted even

those common friendships which might afford me labour. I live on the wages of prostitution ; but I live for my children !

It was thus, that *law* ruined the estate, *physic* the constitution, and *divinity* the understanding of the gentlest and most unoffending of men !

CHAPTER X.

A Conversation in her Ladyship's Picture-room. Fashionable Sentiments on Friendship, Solitude, and Love.

LADY Belfield had not viewed Charles with indifference; a female of her discernment does not live long with a handsome young man without discovering all his good qualities; and Charles had that honest simplicity, which rendered him unaffectedly ignorant of any single one he might possess. The *mauvaise honte*, so much reprobated by the polite part of the human species, was never yet repugnant to the sensations of the sex. We do not presume to understand the philosophy of the female mind; but

possibly a woman cherishes every hope, when she discovers in a man a heart in it's virgin state.

Lady Belfield now took a pleasure in gently separating the natural incrustation that covered the precious ore; experience had given dexterity to her art; but there is sometimes a rough and immalleable armour, by which nature protects herself from the polished instruments of the finishing artist. Charles, however, was constantly invited to her parties, employed as her secretary, and consulted as an arbiter, in the varied circle of her elegant recreations. Charles was really very polite; but then it was only the politeness of nature; a disposition to be pleased, and to communicate pleasure; and without being sensible of it, he was one of the most persevering flatterers; he was ever discovering the fairest sides of every character.

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To Lady Belfield nature had been liberal of those felicitous dispositions which seize with ardour and facility whatever is addressed to the taste or the imagination. Her talents had been as much improved as the volatile routine of a town life could admit. Her quick sensibility acted like instinct; it preceded the judgment, yet rarely differed from it's slower decision. Her paintings exhibited many careless inventive touches, which, in the labours of an artist of genius, had been amplified, heightened, and aided with all the potency of the art; to such she resigned the glory, while she was satisfied with the pleasure. Her music was distinguished by a rapid and brilliant touch, but nice connoisseurs affirmed, that she often marred the correctness of the tune. Her voice seemed the modulation of her heart, but partook of all it's caprices; it gave a fugi-

tive and inconstant sweetness, which scarcely charmed ere it was lost. Her imagination would have been of the higher order, but, confined to the common fictions of common writers, swallow-like, it only skimmed over the fluent surface of sentiment; and her repartee, formed merely by the vapid dialogue of a modern theatre, could never rise above that tenuity of wit, which, in it's most solid state, is but an easy sprightliness.

It was the misfortune of this lady, that in the present day, to excel in those accomplishments which dignify or adorn, or to respect the decencies of the domestic character, are not considered as fashionable acquisitions. It is very certain, that in the higher circles of society, a league has been formed by all the dunces of either sex, to ridicule or to deplore the talents of their more ingenious acquaintances. Shall a person of fashion

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(they say) excel in music, which is only the profession of a composer ; or in poetry, with which the shops are far from being unprovided ; or in painting, when employed or unemployed artists have their respective prices ? The dignity of rank, they are so fearful to violate by efforts of this kind, is a prejudice of considerable injury to their personal character ; what they may want in the stimulus which poverty or dependance affords to men of genius, is amply compensated by their leisure and their taste. These resources are closing rapidly on the fashionable circles ; and it may be prognosticated, that the most elevated in rank in this country will be the most barbarous, the most unintelligent, and the most insignificant of the nation. A false refinement and a gothic barbarity differ in their appearance, not in their reality.

Nature in Lady Belfield was, however, something stronger than fashion. She excelled her companions, but she blushed at her excellence. To conceal any distinguishing talent of our own is the great requisite of politeness; so that those who have no talents at all, have the fairest chance to be deemed the most polite. Professional men, who feel an ambition to mix with the most polished circle, first divest themselves of the curious knowledge their laborious life has collected, and when once they are reduced to idiotism, are then the humble companions for idiots; for let men of talents do whatever they can, an idiot will ever excel them in his own natural faculty.

This lady most sedulously studied to have no character at all; but Nature maintained her rights, for to a sensitive heart she had given an ear and an eye, which refused the constraints their owner put
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on them. She essayed with great ingenuity to annihilate her faculties ; but involuntarily she rose from the dead flatness of fashionable uniformity. Some unlucky circumstance ever happened that provoked her sensibility ; some feature of nature to seize, some harmony to combine, some effort of taste to relieve the activity of her rapid sensations. In vain she whirled round the vortex of frivolity, in vain she indulged a laxity of morals ; nature kept firm hold of her heart, and it cost her more pains to be capricious and dissolute, than to have been sensible and virtuous.

One morning Charles was attending her Ladyship in the painting room. The subject that was then placed on her easel was an historical piece of Damon and Pythias. At a great distance was Damon seen plunging his spurs in his horse, throwing his body impatiently forwards, while his

eye seemed already to have reached the scaffold. "This same Damon (said her Ladyship) occasions me as much anxiety as if I were Pythias. Don't you think that shade is too strong, while the horse is too light ; so that the rider seems to be quite near the scaffold, while his horse is at an immense distance."

"Your Ladyship (replied Charles) is the severest critic on your own paintings. Permit me to admire the gesture and animation of that figure of Damon. It is eloquent to the eye ; it seems to say, a minute is fatal ! That person, placed at the most distant part of the crowd, appears to communicate his intelligence to those who are near, while your Ladyship has given an evidence of fine taste, in breaking those masses, and distributing the light among the body of the people, who seem in a sudden tumult, as if they were catching a report, which has not yet reached

reached the spectators who surround Pythias and the tyrant. That interesting subject, that delightful story of my puerile days, I cannot see without it's reminding me with a sigh of the friendships of this age !”

“ My dear little fool, you always remind me of Esop's Fables ; I suppose you can never look at a dog or a cat, but you must end with some stupid moral, and some intolerable reflection. What is this story of Damon and Pythias, but one gentleman giving bail for another ? and what man of honour would now run away from his bail ? 'Tis a most pedantic observation you have thrown out on friendship. I am sure there is no difficulty in finding friends ; one is really pestered with them. So many morning calls is a hard tax to pay for the acquaintance of persons whose names are better known than their faces. A lady
of

of fashion has just written an essay on "The Triumph of Acquaintance over Friendship." She has saved her reputation by not prefixing her name; for *entre nous* *soit dit*, she must be a most stupid being to have fatigued herself with writing, I assure you, near a hundred pages. However, since the thing is done, I would advise you to bind it with your Chesterfield."

"Will your Ladyship pardon me if I confess, that I can never prefer the interests (since every action of our life is said to be governed by this principle) derived from an universal acquaintance, to those which arise from an individual sympathy. I prefer the latter, as I would prefer the ease and seclusion of a little cottage of my own to the liberty of residing at St. James's, where I might command all, by being commanded by all."

"I have

“I have told you, Charles, that families take too much time to understand, particularly when they are quite unlike the thing they are compared to. One idea at a time if you please ; that is fatigue enough. When shall I see you so accomplished, as to converse without any ideas at all ? Your cottage reminds me of that picture. Reach it. There, is a scene of retirement ! I shall darken this grove, roughen these rocks, and put my two lovers a little more in the shade, which is quite necessary ; for it is by concealing, that we exhibit objects to the imagination.”

“Your Ladyship, I see, cannot help conversing without ideas. It is indeed a romantic solitude ; what a calm tranquillity to the fancy.”

“Again ; what solitude a tranquillity ! It is a torment. You rural philosophers never read fairy tales written
by

by a French Countess, who had a great deal of wit, when wit was in fashion. I must tell you one of her pretty inventions, called the Palace of Vengeance. You doubtless imagine from the title, that it is some

“ Relentless power,
“ Whose iron scourge and torturing pow’r”

are felt in the terrific abode of the furies. My dear fool, it is a vernal paradise, the eglantine bowers of the Graces, the rose and myrtle beds of enchanting loves. The presiding genius, jealous of the happiness of two lovers, places them in this magical spot. They enter with the feathered feet of rapture. O amiable solitude, delicious silence, and friendly shade!—The genius was certainly a man of the town, one experienced in the promenade of Bond-street. His project could not fail. The eternal iteration of the same atten-
tions

tions and the same ideas communicated a langour to their raptures, a bluntness to the fine point of enjoyment. In a word, our two lovers finished by a frank and reciprocal confession, that they had long viewed each other, first with indifference, and now with considerable pain. A Paradise was the Palace of Vengeance ! So much for solitude ! I am as much terrified at the sight of a tree as I should be to see a dead man. The pleasures of solitude entirely consist in sleeping without being disturbed."

" And yet your Ladyship has painted landscape with a taste, and selection of objects, that demonstrate the pleasure you must have taken in tracing the finest aspects of nature."

" I have, Charles, given more attention to these trifles than becomes me. 'Tis my folly ; I never can pass my easel without a touch ; I will paint no more, for I paint too well ; it seems with me more
a study

a study than an amusement. What do you think of these historical pieces?"

"That Lucretia charms me. Brutus raises the dagger to the gods, and seems to view on it's ensanguined point the salvation and the vengeance of Rome."

"Pooh! I will throw that Lucretia out of my collection. It is a libel on the sex. Besides, I am told not a word of it is true. But look, my dear boy, (continued Lady Belfield, rising) at that portrait of the lovely Scottish queen, and that Cleopatra, who yet glowing from the embraces of Anthony, exhibits all the luxuriousness of her person, the artifice of her dress, the inebriation of that studied scene, where she throws herself before the insensible Augustus. There is a similarity in the fate of these unfortunate women. Cleopatra was betrothed to Pompey, enjoyed Cæsar, yet only triumphed in her Anthony. Mary, betrothed to Francis, enjoyed

joyed Darnley, yet only triumphed in her Bothwell. These are the ornaments of our sex, models of voluptuous freedom without vulgar licentiousness ; passion without rage, enjoyment without satiety. They shook all the roses of love without dropping the freshest dews. Their pleasures were those of versatile desire."

Now it is needful to inform the reader, that since her Ladyship had risen from her seat, and while she was occupied in dissenting on Mary and on Cleopatra, she rolled on Charles two orbs of beauty so lively and tender, that neither those of Mary nor Cleopatra could have told more intelligently the secrets of a bosom that had gradually quitted it's gauze.

But Charles knew nothing of all this. He was looking at the picture. Her Ladyship was reduced to the necessity of leaning her arm upon his shoulder ; her mouth was approaching his cheek. The
sensation

sensation of a white and firm arm awakened Charles ; her attitude embarrassed ; his eye caught the inclination of her lips ; a fine suffusion mantled his animated face. How long it takes to write what scarce employed a single moment !

With the half-glance, by which he had caught her Ladyship's attitude, a gentle tremor thrilled in his heart ; he was surprised ; he was timorous ; he was indeed virtuous ; he did not, therefore, incline his cheek to her, nor suddenly left her Ladyship unsupported ; he only turned his face away, which answered precisely the same thing as if he had boldly turned his face to her ; for his blooming cheek came in contact with the warm mouth of Lady Belfield ; she impressed the first criminal kiss on a guiltless and blushing cheek.—
“ You fool, (she said) I have been talking an hour in vain !”

As her Ladyship was speaking, Lord Belfield entered, and observing her
Lady-

Ladyship adjusting her neck-kerchief, and Charles silent and confused, apologised for his sudden entrance. "My Lord, (replied Lady Belfield, with perfect composure), our philosopher has an inveterate rusticity. I have attacked him covertly, at a distance, by insinuation, by persuasion, and I at length was obliged to make an open assault. The boy blushes, but were it not for this blush I should think he had no more sensation than the great Apollo in the hall."

"Your Ladyship, (his Lordship replied) does him infinite honour ; but a rougher human colt never received a town snaffle. He is no cuckow ; he will lay no eggs in the nests of others. I offered to introduce him to the nymph of the Seine, and acquainted him with your Ladyship's wager with the Marchioness ; but he looked and talked as sermonically as Kenyon. By the bye, poor Sir Francis is obliged

obliged to pay ten thousand pounds for meeting Lady Betty at the Star and Garter. That Kenyon has a mill-stone for his heart ; he is as cold, yet as fiery, as a flint from his own shire, and as offensive to society as the smell of one of his own overgrown leeks. Will your Ladyship credit, that he threatens *us*, if indicted on the gaming act, with his pillory ? What a vulgar fellow ! There is the Countess of Cog and Mrs. Arch in the greatest consternation ; they are as black and as red as their own tables of rouge et noir. But this Welch judge always puts one out of one's way. I came to announce to your Ladyship, that I must have the honour of introducing Monsieur Vaurien ; the gentleman recommended to me by the late Duke De Liancourt, who has suddenly disappeared, and his friends have not the satisfaction of knowing whether he has been guillotined, or
only

only massacred. Vaurien has been with me this morning. Ah ! the accomplished man ! When he has learnt the English language, Charles, he will become your rival and your model. I recommend him strongly to your attentions. Take the impresson of his polish and his figure ; stick to him then like warm sealing-wax."

CHAPTER XI.

A Dissertation on the Marvellous in Novel Writing. Monsieur Vaurien's first Appearance on this Stage.

AS Monsieur Vaurien is a character of the first importance in this our veritable history, and as we are solicitous of affording our readers the self-flattering pleasure of discovering the character in the events, we are inclined to resist our own gratification, in this opportunity of attempting to adorn our narrative with the pointed sentences of a Tacitus, and the embellished periods of a Sallust.

Domestic historians, like ourselves, of late have duped their readers with the MARVELLOUS. The bulk of readers, the

the only kind to which we moderns devote our lucubrations, seem now much more pleased to be frightened out of their wits, than to be assisted in making a proper use of them. It is much easier to excite our wonder, than to satisfy our judgment. Skeletons slowly pacing, rapidly coursing, or quietly confined, are not of difficult invention. We cannot esteem works, which employing human characters, exhibit not even a side-glance at poor forsaken nature ; describe emotions which as none have felt, none can decide on their propriety ; and he who writes of ghosts, should write to ghosts, but he who writes of man, addresses himself to his fellow citizens. Histories of man, if ill written, are undeservedly called *novels*, and well written, are unjustly termed *fictions*.

But if it is agreed, that to intermix such obsolete scenery with existing man-

ners, is no dereliction of an author's taste, and no impudent insult on a reader's judgment, we most humbly offer, a project for the new machinery of a modern novel. A certain foreign writer, not quite unknown for the length of his proboscis, and no small favourite of the ladies of his day, did publish a collection of the marvellous, in a very entertaining and diversified romance, entitled *The Metamorphosis*. We, therefore, modestly submit whether it would evince inferior invention, or more violate the truth of nature, than some fashionable volumes avowedly do, if we were to introduce the thievish Mercury among the common council; Apollo, as the scandalous paragrapher of a morning paper; and alarm a crippled, senile, swarthy nabob for the purity of his Venus, by the appearance of Mars in Bond-street. Are
not

not the gods and goddesses as interesting as those stalking personages, who have only made a short excursion from Surgeon's-hall? The descriptive views before the denouement are sufficiently fanciful, yet the sudden tremors, with which some pale and amiable young ladies are affected, are not only unsufferably distressing, but always remind us of "The Magical Mirror," exhibited not long ago, in this place of exhibition, London; where, after viewing the charming delusion of grapes swelling into a blooming maturity, or faces angelically smiling, suddenly there appeared a most hideous skeleton's scull, distending it's terrific jaws. This denouement, like that of the Grecian tragic bard's, did occasion a few miscarriages; but *this exhibitor of skeletons heads*, after having been *properly* persuaded of it's great impropriety, withdrew his

gorgonic finale. He supplied it by the figure of a *bird*, which formed but an unaffected close. We must neither be extravagant nor insipid. We most submissively offer this hint to certain exhibitors of skeletons in print.

Of our miraculous writers, there have been a few, who have so far felt a reverence for venerable nature, as modestly to explain preternatural appearances, by natural causes; and assuredly their ingenuity deserves commendation, while their torture excites compassion. But tales, constructed even with this curious possibility, are read like epigrams; merely to see how they will end; and like epigrams, the surprise they are so solicitous to raise, can be raised no more. We return in vain to such productions, for those impressive truths, which germinate in the heart, while fancy can only scatter perishable

ishable blossoms. Nothing is so beautiful as truth, yet, what is extraordinary, nothing is so durable.

From Germany, has been imported this grotesque taste; heavy Germany! The gentlemen of the diplomatic corps, have laboured to reach that degree in the scale of taste, which *we have passed*; and we doubt whether there is more of civility or barbarism, by a retrograde motion, to bring ourselves down to them. We have some poor English students, who are devoutly applying, with all their guttural faculty, to heighten our amenity, by redundant German consonants, and to brighten our wit, by clumsy German graces. We must persist in preferring, even to Wieland's "numerous prose," and Haller's and Klopstock's verse "dragging it's slow length," their pandects and their digests; but more particularly a certain manual performance, gloriously

K. 3.

entitled,

entitled, "The Theatre of Europe," which containing the history of twenty years, has only yet reached to thirty-five volumes in folio. We write thirty-five in words, as Robertson does his dates, to prevent errors. A profound German exclaims, with a national exultation, that he finds every thing in these works—every thing, we imagine, but taste to select, and penetration to comprehend.

Should it therefore happen that all ghosts are exorcised from our future histories of man, which may be the case before the close of *this* century, we console our noble brethren with an assurance that there will remain enough of THE MARVELLOUS in NATURE, provided that they will only convert to it's proper use, the EYE, which in our opinion to a real novelist, a mere collector of human facts, is worth that magic wand, or any other species of necromantic art, which they

they are now compelled to employ to open the doors of others *. If, however, a novelist will make no other use of his eye, than to wear it's delicate vision away on the books of others, or his own, resolutely if he refuses to

“ EYE NATURE'S WALKS,”

He must then exhibit a view of manners as they are observed in charnel houses, and instead of the gods we recommend, he must adopt this amended verse of a poetical lunatic,

“ Ghosts shall meet ghosts, and jostle in the dark.”

NAT. LEE.

But shall not *we* in our turn be censured ? our windows we acknowledge are but made of glass, and may be demolished by the pebbles thrown by raw boys,

* In the Monk, the devil supplies Ambrosius with a magical myrtle for this purpose. That work seems to have been planned by a boy, and written by a man.

as well as by the cannonading of graver critics. We would exhibit a *verisimilitude* of nature, yet do we not conceive that this is incompatible with the *marvellous*. A judicial critic, a solemn judge of his own private election, who has never been seated at the cabinet councils of nature, will regard some of our truths, as fictions. He will not easily comprehend that nature sometimes twists pretty strongly the most opposite singularities; most chymically amalgamates her rarest metals; and combines those varieties in one character, which generally she finds quite sufficient to form many ordinary personages. We say this as an apology for the characters of Vaurien, and the Platonist, who hereafter will appear. And now, for the ease of ourself, and that better half of ourself, the candid reader, we here close our dissertation on the *marvellous* in novel writing.

We

We return to Monsieur Vaurien, who being *un homme infiniment aimable*, will not at all be offended, by this slight neglect.

The first object that interested the house of Belfield, in the character of this gentleman, and which is too commonly indeed the first noticed in a stranger, was his personal appearance. Perhaps men should not be judged, like coin, by their look, and their sounds. Nature, in her finest hand-writing, on the whole figure of Vaurien, had said, "this is an extraordinary man;" but she went no further; and the species of the extraordinary, was unfortunately left to be discovered by the practical experience of his fellow creatures.

Vaurien was just above mediocrity in size; so that it cost him little exertion to assume an air of majesty, when a bold and dignified gesture was requisite. The

finest colours with which nature ever tinted the human face, glowed on his countenance ; his eyes were of the darkest lustre, a liquid fire sparkled in those restless orbs ; their masculine spirit relieved the delicacy of his complexion ; and without the expression they gave to his face, it would have had little more than the most feminine softness. When nature produced Vaurien she seemed inclined to have created a woman ; but Vaurien, with the peculiar sensibility of the sex, had made himself something more than man. His voice had a circumference of sound, which included every note of the human passions ; awful in it's loud eloquence, assuasive and touching in it's modulated sweetness, and enchanting even in the murmur of a whisper. His whole frame was vivified by the most expressive gesture ; it was an embodied voice ; eloquent in words,
he

he was still more persuasive in action. Fascination was an art in Vaurien ; when he threw himself at the knees of an offended beauty, her resentment died away, she felt instantly what she never felt before, and to listen to Vaurien was to secure her own seduction. If an adversary accused, his mind became confused, his voice failed ; the fixed eye, the starting gesture of Vaurien, darted contending passions in his agitated spirits. Was he engaged in the cause of a friend ? he inspired confidence, described difficulties, and taught how to vanquish them ; he bound the existence of his friend with his own, and whenever it seemed that he knew too much, it was found that the fate of his friend could alone depend on the will of Vaurien.

His genius was probably equal to the greatest occasions ; he, at least, had always found it superior to whatever he

had hitherto directed it. He joined to a calm and persevering industry, an ardent and hazardous tenacity; we must risque a throw in the game of human life, he would say. His passions were impetuous when let loose, submissive when checked. He was judicious and inventive; temperate and voluptuous; avaricious and lavish. In his boundless soul was contained each extreme of passion; flexible or firm, it felt not the influence of human events; never so miserable, as to be hopeless of enjoyment, never so humiliated, as to be forgetful of glory. But his imagination, by having greater magnitude than that of other men, confounded itself like a whale in shallow water; men indeed were instruments in his hand, but for some vast and romantic projects, they were instruments too uncertain and too feeble. Like Archimedes, he thought that had he
fit

fit machines, he wanted not the skill, to move the earth at his pleasure. His projects were too romantic to be attempted, and too singular to be credited. Vaurien, had been a traveller who had experienced all the benevolence and all the malice of his fellow men; the confident of dukes in their palaces, and of peasants in their cottages; one who had studied in solitude, and acted in life; who had rioted in pleasure, and felt no sufferings in it's abstinence; a vicious and great man, capable even of virtue.

Such was the person, who now presented himself before Lord and Lady Belfield, with a modesty that embellished the winning address of his voice and his manners. His resistless grace scarcely seen, was felt; he gained their admiration, and, were the sensation not too strong for such noble personages, would have gained their affections.

His

His conversation was delightful, by the variegation of it's topics, the vivacity of his remarks, and it's information copious and novel. He could only converse in his vernacular idiom ; and apologized for his unpardonable ignorance of the language of a country he admired and venerated. But he assuredly lost nothing by conversing in the brilliant idiom of his maternal tongue ; a language which in it's most familiar phrases and colloquial diction, displays that delicacy of expression, that vivacity of ideas, that epigrammatic point, which would furnish our present race of dramatists, with more wit than they can afford to bestow on their indulgent audiences, supposing that wit would serve their turn as well as pantomime.

He described many interesting events of the French revolution ; but these he only described, and did not comment on, otherwise than while listening with perseverance

severance to the volubility of Lord Belfield, he sometimes responded with a piteous shrug, an assenting inclination of the head, and a pathetic elevation of the eyes and the hands. My Lord having poured out *all* his ideas, was as clearly seen through, as an empty decanter.

His present situation was enquired. He informed them that it was well adapted to cherish that pleasing melancholy which an exile feels, when he only suffers for unavailing efforts employed for the good of his expellers. "It would be criminal in me to enjoy any repose, when my unhappy country bleeds through all its veins. No, my Lord, when I dip my bread in water, the purity of my heart, renders it a voluptuous meal. I am an exile, but I am still a patriot. And when the just Aristides, even inscribed the shell that condemned him, shall I lament, that my intentions are ill understood

flood by my fellow citizens? Solitude, my Lord, is not terrible ; there I find the wants of nature are so few, that I often am surprised, a thinking being should complain of poverty."

" This is exactly (cried my Lord) what the great philosopher Subtile has so often said. And I dare say it is true ; but it is surprising that if the wants of nature are so few, philosophers should talk of the justice of a public division of the lands, an Agrarian law."

" Ah, my Lord (replied Vaurien) designing men too often assume the glorious distinction, of preceptors of the human race. A philosopher should only counsel how to employ wealth, but he ceases to be such, if he acquires it. Philosophy has it's counterfeit coin, my Lord, that bears the impression, but is not sterling. Some of my own countrymen, who have taken refuge in this courteous
and

and bountiful island, I have seen, and do not like. I keep myself in the utmost seclusion. Exile shall not convert a patriot into an intriguer."

"These are noble sentiments Mr. Vaurien, replied his Lordship. If you will do me the honour of occupying an apartment in my house, your residence in this country, may be softened by the attentions I would pay to your merits. Charles, my young friend here, will be proud of any little services he can render, and your society will instruct a youth inexperienced in men and manners."

I shall not repeat, for the reader's convenience and my own, the infinite obligations, and the great number of objections, by which the ingenuity of Vaurien opposed the invitation of Lord Belfield. Indeed his Lordship totally failed in his desire of having Monsieur Vaurien for his companion. Nothing could prevail
over

over the modesty of the inflexible Frenchman.

Lady Belfield interposed; she described all the conveniencies she thought might recommend themselves, and she lamented the pleasure he denied them from his conversation. All in vain! “sa Ladyship, étoit trop flatteuse”—She fixed her eyes on Vaurien, a spontaneous glance expressed something more interesting than a verbal invitation.—“*Ah, mon Dieu! Je suis accablé de vos bontés; Je suis au comble de sensibilité; Il me couteroit trop cher de vous résister.*”

In plain English, and without a metaphor, Monsieur Vaurien found himself most conveniently accommodated at the house of Lord Belfield, enjoying tranquilly, *des diners magnifiques, et des soupers divins*, precisely just as if he were at Paris. Meanwhile, honest Charles was quite rejoiced at the sociable qualities of Monsieur

sieur

fieur Vaurien, and was "right glad" to see, that so amiable a man, was not obliged to live on that kind of "meal which was rendered voluptuous by the purity of his heart," and likewise that this exiled patriot, seemed "to repose, while his country bled through all its veins."

CHAPTER XII.

Vaurien's Walk in London.

NEITHER dazzled by the splendour, nor enervated by the enjoyments of which he participated in the house of Lord Belfield, the pleasurable days of Vaurien were not inactive; he snatched at those intervals of time which many consume in listless regrets of a wearied existence, and from midnight orgies, often escaped to studious vigils. His present object was the acquisition of the English language; he knew that every process of industry can be calculated with precision, and that the learning of languages, of which the knowledge inflates the vanity of so many idlers in erudition,

dition, was after all only the gross amount of so many days patient labour. "As for the dead languages (he said) they are not of indispensable utility in the present state of the literature of modern Europe; we have models of every species of composition; I feel no ambition to re-write in Greek or in Latin, what is inimitable in my maternal language; I would not wrestle with a poet of my own country, to suffocate him with Olympic dust, or barbarously macerate him with the blows of a Roman cestus, loaded with lead. The idiom of our residence is a current coin, but the languages of which men are even ignorant of the pronunciation, are only curious medals, to place in the ostentatious cabinet of the petty virtuoso."

In the mean time every day strengthened his connexions with our hero. He enlarged his views with new aspects of

human life ; pointed his knowledge with some apposite anecdote not easily forgotten, while it came always associated with the observation ; and while his preceptive truths were worthy of a sage of antiquity, was serious without formality, and gay without frivolity. Charles conducted him through the town ; and such was the ardour and curiosity with which Vaurien examined the metropolis, that if Charles had not considered him as a great philosopher, he might have concluded he was no careless spy.

Certain it was, that our hero often marvelled, in the simplicity of his heart, at some singular notions, which escaped the fertile imagination of the Frenchman. In Saint George's Fields, he enquired, if that was not the place, a certain lunatic had assembled fifty-thousand men ? “ Yes (replied Charles) it was here an assembled mob suddenly gathered, and rapidly

rapidly diverging, the bursting flames were viewed from various parts of the metropolis, and the panic was more general than the conflagration." "It is easy (replied Vaurien) to alarm an opulent city; no men are so timorous as the rich. I have not yet seen in these environs, a place more happily adapted for a battle or an encampment; here London might be besieged, or pillaged, while a mob might be taught an orderly arrangement. Men soon become soldiers; they have a great aptitude for murdering each other. Those obstructing houses should be first pulled down; for that a few hours would be sufficient."

"We are, thank Heaven (said Charles) protected from such future alarms. It would be now difficult to do, what a lunatic once did."

"True, (replied Vaurien); but it happens, my friend, that what is most difficult, is sometimes most sudden."

Vaurien

Vaurien could not pass St. Paul's without a resolution to enter it's ball. "That is a noble height (he said) I love all eminences. My mind rises with my body; I was never more pleased than when in passing the Alps, a thunder-storm suddenly burst at my feet. Had I been fifty yards lower, I had been annihilated. The whirlwind, as it rushed afar, overset me. I loved, on the Pyrenees, to scale the ridgy rocks, to gaze on the dark abyss; and on the glaciers, to mark that waste of nature, when a mountain dissolving, thunders, rolls, and foams like an ocean." When he was placed in the ball, he looked down. "How ridiculous (said he) is the scarcely visible scene beneath! Not a sound of it's eternal hubbub reaches us; the carriages seem to glide in silence; we can scarcely perceive those proud, irrational, imperfect beings! This place, Charles, is a seat for a philosopher,

sopher ; here only do we feel the undisturbed silence of the heavens.

“ And yet, my friend (he continued) we can gain no true knowledge if we keep too distant from men ; we must mix among fools to learn what is wisdom. Suppose a number of sages were born in this cupola, and knew nothing more of mankind than what they could discern at this elevation. How idle would appear the incessant motion of those minute bodies ! they would find as little interest in the scene as we do in gazing on the phases of the moon. Believe me, Charles, they would, however, consider their little republic of great consequence. You smile—why the story is our own ! Those ambulatory sages below form the very republic I describe, conceive themselves of the utmost importance, and look on the scale of exist-

ence without intelligence, and yet with pride !”

As they were returning from this ball, which had given occasion to so much sublime philosophy, that the honest youth imagined Vaurien was inspired, finding no one to interrupt their curiosity, they rambled in this immense building, which only receives the light from occasional crevices and loop-holes. It was curious to examine the interior piles. “ Charles (said Vaurien) your countrymen are unsuspicious. I am thinking with what ease, if it were necessary, combustibles might be left here, which in a concealed but certain manner would involve this noble edifice in flames, while the villanous incendiary would enjoy the view in security.”

Charles replied, “ It is very true Mr. Vaurien ; the keepers here are shamefully negligent.

negligent. But perhaps, like myself, such a thought never entered their heads."

"The French (said Vaurien) have very inventive heads, and the English very unsuspicious hearts."

Vaurien was desirous of viewing the armoury at the Tower, but no admittance was at present to be obtained. The dock-yards at Plymouth he would take in his way to Devonshire with his Lordship; "I am curious (he observed) to view what constitutes the force of every country I inhabit. One gains but little intelligence from the hasty traveller, or the dry dictionary-maker. Whatever I view with my own eyes always supplies me with new ideas, even if they should only serve to correct the blunders of other people."

The talents and the virtues of Vaurien daily won the affections of Charles. To his knowledge, Vaurien had given many

evidences of the most disinterested dispositions ; and, since his progress in the English language, had reconciled many dissensions in the house to the satisfaction of both parties. Lord Belfield had insisted on supplying him with money, and this was liberally distributed among the household, nor refused to paupers. “ If your government (said he) would oblige the idle to labour, your streets would not so frequently offend the eye of humanity ; in China there is no poor. All men can labour ; the blind can turn a wheel ; the lame can perform what depends on the eye ; age may have it's sedentary, and even childhood it's active employments.” Every mouth echoed the praises of Vaurien. In the boudoir and the drawing-room his accomplishments seemed inexhaustible ; various, they never tired with the sameness of excellence ; facility, that charm of ge-
ning,

nus, gave it's peculiar grace to his most finished efforts. No man appeared more deserving, and seemed less solicitous of praise. Lady Belfield was enchanted by the amenity of his manners; his Lordship, by the versatility of his conversation, and by certain projects that bound him still more closely; Charles viewed him as a model of humanity and taste. The philosophic circle considered him as an acquisition of rare value; Dragon thought him not deficient in spirit; Libel discovered a rich mine of anecdote to fill his columns; and the atrabilious Subtile even ceased to speak, to attend to the syren sweetness of Vaurien, while Mr. Reverberator clapped his applause, and remembered his exact expressions.

Johnson was insensibly supplanted by Vaurien in the affections of Charles.

"Johnson (said our hero) is a man of

observation, but he has been no traveller. There is a contraction in his views, an asperity in his manners, and a deficiency in taste for the politer accomplishments. Vaurien is a citizen of the world; he feels no prejudices of attachment, therefore, for any person or any place; besides he is liberal, for he speaks with kindness of Johnson, but Johnson never commends in him what in another he would deem worthy of the highest praise."

But there was something of a very secret nature lurking in the heart of Charles, which prompted this comparison more favourable to the Gaul than the Briton. Charles had generously established Mrs. Wilson in a small shop of grocery; and when the young man ingenuously related the whole affair to Johnson, he smiled, sarcastically observing, "that women of a certain age seemed the reigning taste;" and, misconceiving the

the benevolence of Charles, gave an advice more honest than pleasant, on bad connections. But Vaurien, when the secret was confided to him, instantly applauded the design : " I can spare a trifle myself to increase the stock of Mrs. Wilson ; I consider it a tribute I pay to virtue, and a favour I owe to friendship. She is a sister of an unfortunate class of human beings, and my heart bleeds when I think that this numerous class are deserted females ! we call them by the ugly name of prostitute ; but the voice of humanity softens the disgusting appellation ; such a woman, is ' a mother without being a wife ' !"

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Wilson receives two Lodgers. A Catalogue of some Dismemberments of a human Body. The sublime Character of an inconsiderable Being.

THE suspicions of Johnson, to which we have alluded in the preceding chapter, would assuredly have not appeared entirely so unfounded, had he and the other friends of Charles known, as intimately as Vaurien did, what was passing in the small habitation of Mrs. Wilson; and indeed benevolence, though a very active virtue, is not of the most persevering nature; for the donor and the recipient in time become reciprocally weary.

We do not wish to conceal, that an impulse more potent than that of charity

rity directed the frequent visits of our hero to the house of Mrs. Wilson.

As we do not consider that the historian of diurnal life is at all under any legal obligations to pursue the comfortable proceedings of his graver brothers, who go on gently by the regulation of their dates, and as we honestly avow, that even an anachronism (particularly when the reader is fully as ignorant or as careless as the author) is not the most flagitious crime a novelist can commit, we have not hitherto so much consulted the unity of events as of characters, we shall therefore proceed to give more connectedly the memoirs of Charles, before he became intimate with all those great personages whose acquaintance he now enjoys.

When the bounties of Charles and Vaurien had quite established Mrs. Wilson in her little shop, she with great

sagacity perceived that the shop might not be sufficient to maintain the house; she therefore ingeniously let the upper apartments, and in this manner she made the house maintain itself. Should this to some appear mere trifling to narrate, it is, with another paragraph in these volumes *, proposed as worthy of the attention of a shop-keeper. They were taken by two persons, who, as they are not to be passed over hastily in this work, we shall pay great respect to their first appearance, and which, as they are only obscure lodgers in obscure apartments, is doing more than what any whole neighbourhood would in these two great cities.

These two persons then were a male and a female, and very courteously were they received by Mrs. Wilson, without requiring any references to their friends,

* Vol. II. page 118.

which

which was so far fortunate, as it would have put them to the painful confession, that in this micro-universe of London they had no friends at all. The reader is on the point of hastily condemning Mrs. Wilson's negligence, and we entreat any infantine fenile virgin not to exclaim, "This is just what might be expected from *such* women!" in our opinion there was more of humanity than of negligence in this voluntary omission of Mrs. Wilson; the relationship of these two persons could not easily have been mistaken, for the man was an old Belisarius, who seemed to sink in the earth as he supported himself on the arm of an angel, by her beauty, but evidently a poor suffering woman, by the furrows that had touched her pale features with a melancholy grace. Now, if the reader has not discovered by this time that these two persons were a father and a daughter, we shall conceive it as a great favour if

he would quietly lay down our book, and bid us an eternal farewell.

The name of the old man was Lieutenant Balfour. Had Hogarth viewed him, he had drawn a figure either singular for the ridiculous or the pathetic; the sublime and the burlesque are too often so closely neighbouring, that it entirely depends on the taste of the artist to make the same object affectingly serious or provokingly risible.

Balfour, in his exterior, was literally a fragment of human nature, and an evidence that the source of life must lie concealed in some obscure corner of the human body, and cannot be dispersed through all its parts. If we had the necessary time allowed us, here might be a fine exhibition of our recondite researches relating to the pineal gland, the white medullary substance of the brain, the subtile matter of Descartes, and the vibrations

vibrations of Harvey ; but all these copious proofs of our great erudition we with pangs conceal, preferring the pleasures of our incurious readers. We do not however agree with any system of our predecessors, as that would be quite uncouth, and little inventive.

For our part we do most humbly conceive, that the source of our existence lies in a certain muscular part, situated in the middle of the thorax, but being of a pyramidal form, brings it's point forward to the front of the breast. Into this reservoir of humanity flows all the generous blood of *noble men* (we mean those who are so by nature, and not by title), and by the dilatation or contraction of the part we moralists generally ascertain the degree of manhood of every human form. It most consequentially follows, that a "tun of flesh" may not contain more of the true principles of life

life than the slightest vessel, which nature or fortune seems to have treated with the utmost carelessness. When *the heart* is well placed, it springs with a warm dilatation, so that it may happen that a poor unpromoted lieutenant, like Balfour, shall have his breast more nobly and amply filled than even a yellow admiral's *, though his body, like a shattered frigate after a glorious engagement, be dismasted, and left a mere wreck, and as the French, in their metaphorical style, say, "all covered with glory;" and, indeed, the body of our aforesaid lieutenant had little other covering, which, however, did not excite in him so much anger as humour, observing generally, when he looked over the Gazette promotions, that *he* seemed

* These gentlemen are usually termed by the tars —; but one must not write the unvarnished words of truth in the present most varnishing age.

to be sent only into this world to be shot at; and he generally closed this observation with drinking the king's health, that is, when he had the wine.

This old man now appeared, led in by his daughter; a broad black silk bandage covered his eyes, which was not worn for his own convenience, but for that of any friends; to him it signified little whether his eyes were covered or uncovered, since in both cases his vision was exactly the same. One eye indeed had been dropt many years ago in boarding a vessel, although he had not yet shared in the prize-money; it's companion had been lately lost by a gutta serena. He had but one arm, and he only lamented that it was not the right, as that might have spared his dear Emily many troublesome attentions; he was not born, however, with one arm, but the other being rather busily employed in grappling with some

French-

Frenchmen, it was thought necessary by them to get rid of it ; one of his legs the Spaniards had taken possession of ; and he had two deep scars on one cheek, left by the snikker-snee of the Dutchmen's short knives, which they used at the Dogger bank. This is an inventory of the dismemberments of Balfour, which his modesty could not hide ; I shall however aver, that Balfour was a whole man, for his heart was well placed.

Should the reader feel any interest in what relates to this poor battered old lieutenant, it can only be our deficiency, if he peruses the following account with the apathy of some lords of the admiralty.

Balfour had never been rich, but he had received the education of a gentleman, designed at an early period for the navy of Great Britain. His father had rarely trusted him to the uncertain hand
of

of a preceptor, and beneath the sanctity of the domestic roof had concealed from him the depravity of a luxurious age. When at length he issued into life, to his great mortification he could find no associates. With him temperance had become a habit, and study a taste; his companions regarded him with contempt; Balfour was not heard to complain; his pleasures were silent and concealed.

About this period he lost his father, whom he called the rigid preceptor of his youth, and the pleasant companion of his maturity. The father had not died unsatisfied with existence; the reflection of the future life of that son melted like a scattered sweetness over his departing spirit. He raised himself with a proud satisfaction on the bed of death; "Obscure as I am (he cried) I have bequeathed to my country the rich legacy of one of its valuable citizens."

Balfour

Balfour was left indeed by his father with many virtues, but with no money; two reasons which alike destroyed the friendships of the world. A mistake, not singular in a youth of his dispositions, served to embitter his age. At the first period of active life he was not sensible that he wanted for either friends or fortune. He thought, that what we owe to favour was a possession usurped or precarious, enjoyed without tranquillity; but what we obtain by merit is unalienable as a personal estate: he therefore devoted himself to professional studies, as the proper means of his advancement; but he soon began to perceive how much a man's fortune depends on his connections.

He met occasionally repulses, which wounded the dignity of his character. His passions were effervescent, and his discernment too delicate for the ease of his

his passions. His character was of a temper too fine for common use; it was an instrument adapted only for great and momentous occasions. He read of illustrious characters, aspired to imitate what he had admired, and acted and conversed with a sublimity rarely comprehended and frequently ridiculed. His manners contracted a morosity, and his dispositions a misanthropy, of which he was not sensible. For the sensitive Balfour solitude, the sole refuge of elevated minds, was his consolation; glory was the aliment of his soul; and the contemplation of his romantic feelings a source of awful enjoyment. The pleasures of memory were not his pleasures; the present moment was not his existence; his fervid genius lived only in the ideal of the future; and his life was a life of anticipation and disappointment.

Forty

Forty years he fought the battles of his country, and had only once kissed the king's hand, which honour he confessed was more owing to accident than distinction. But he loved his king, and the remembrance was cherished like the recollection of a victory or a promotion. With victory he had been familiar, but promotion never reached the friendless lieutenant; he saw, indeed, that what he expected to have obtained was now given to the younger brother of an earl, the third cousin of a duke, and once to the son of a pillaging keeper of the king's stores. "I see now," said Balfour, "it must come round to me." He lived under the ungentleness of fortune, unconscious of its ungentleness; but at length, battered and broken down with the last loss, that of his right arm, he was obliged to retire on half pay.

Balfour

Balfour was not only born to be shot at by his fellow men, but to receive all "the arrows of outrageous fortune." He felt the loss of an amiable woman at this period, when love alone remained faithful, while hope and glory had proved traitors. The connubial voice that whispered peace had ceased, and the lamp of love was only lighted in a sepulchre. The hero and the philosopher died away in the blind, old, helpless man. He had two children, Edward, who had entered into the service of the East India Company, but who, in a battle with Tippoo Saib, was among the missing men. Since that account had been received, he had become more feeble and silent; he pined daily, and his soul sickened with despondence. His daughter Emily devoted her days to his comfort; her tones were gay, while a tear often trickled on her cheek; she

She fed him and amused him, but her caresses seemed only to excite a keener agony. He would sometimes lean over her face, but shed no tears; his noble heart was broken, and he was now too old to weep.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Death of Lieutenant Balfour.

THIS Lieutenant and his daughter were just arrived from their residence at Exmouth in Devonshire. The journey to London had entirely originated in the obstinate affection of Emily, who, since her father had lost the total use of his eye, and was thus deprived of the solitary inlet of pleasure which remained, found the pain of existence intolerable. The apothecary was of opinion, that it might be possible to remove the film that overspread the pupil of the eye; but the heavy expence of the journey, and the uncertainty of the cure, had always rendered Balfour averse to this project,

project, and he observed, "that for a poor old lieutenant like himself, it was incurring funeral charges fit only for an admiral; besides (he would add) my dear Emily, this village is better adapted for me to die in, and you to live in." But Emily ceased not her importunities; and one day having heard of a happy cure performed by Baron Wenzel, she knelt before her father, and extorted a solemn promise to place himself under the care of this oculist.

Such was the purport of this journey. To Balfour it was as awful a transport as if he had travelled alive in his hearse. It however awakened in him those powers that had long seemed extinct. But his mind, entirely absorbed in the fate of his fair daughter, her seduction appeared to him disguised in a hundred forms. As he proceeded every slight thing sounded ominously fatal to his sombrous fancy.

The

The crack of the coachman's whip shook his nerves ; the whirl of the coach obliged him often to draw his hand to his head ; the dinner conversations of the travellers alarmed, and he took Emily frequently aside to enquire who were their companions. When they reached the paved streets of London, and their ear was assaulted by the tumultuous hubbub, he grasped the hand of his daughter, and whispered her, never to quit him a single moment. All these were objects which some twenty years ago exhilarated his spirits, but now they were associated with the perils of his daughter. The contrast was too violent for his sensitive frame ; he had just left a quiet cottage, rural walks, and conversations which had only soothed his ear. He supported himself with a decent fortitude before his fellow travellers ; he recollected that he still wore an old blue coat,

with yellow buttons which had an anchor engraved on them. A veneration for his majesty's service partly kept up his spirits; but having at length reached the apartment of Mrs. Wilson, he sunk back in his chair, and swooned.

The minute attentions, and the frequent caresses Emily bestowed on her father, charmed the good Mrs. Wilson, who voluntarily offered her aid in every thing she could perform. "I am afraid, (said Emily,) we shall prove but troublesome lodgers, and shall stand in need of all the humanity you can bestow on us. My father has lately been afflicted with a fever on his spirits, and his temper is irritable, since the loss of my brother. But when he gets a little more strength, he has given me his promise to be couched; and he holds his promises inviolate. I hope soon that he will see the person to whom we are already indebted for so much goodness." Mrs. Wilson

Wilson sympathised with her fair lodger, and, charmed by her dispositions, and delighted by her accomplishments, she contracted the purest friendship. Her lodgers had not been there many weeks, when she took an opportunity of mentioning to Charles and Vaurien the singular excellence her little habitation contained. Emily excited their curiosity; but as she rarely quitted her father in the day, it was some time before they could see her. When the lieutenant retired to his early rest, she passed a few hours in conversation with Mrs. Wilson, whom she found intelligent and sympathetic.

These conversations were well adapted to confirm their friendship. They felt a reciprocal want of consolation; both were solitary females; the whole universe was as nothing to them; there was a painful vacuity in their hearts, which was filled by the tenderness of friendship.

M 2

When

When a person of sensibility has received an essential service from another, it is a gratification to relate it. The recollection is a continual oppression on the feelings, and the communication frees us in an instant. Gratitude opened the lips of Mrs. Wilson much more than those voluble communicative dispositions, which have been generally supposed to form a great portion of a woman's conversation. But there are cases, when even the utmost ardour of gratitude cannot induce us to relate *all* the kindness of another, when that would serve merely to exhibit ourselves in a degrading light.

She therefore with equal gratitude and prudence mentioned, that she had been left the widow of a bankrupt, with four children, and when reduced to despair, in the disinterested benevolence of two friends found assistance to purchase her little shop. She mentioned this indeed

deed as a proof of a particular providence, and as an extraordinary circumstance. Now I desire the reader to observe, that Emily dissented *in toto* from this opinion; first, because in the simplicity of her heart she found nothing extraordinary in the succour so charitably bestowed on a widow and four children; and secondly, her father had never taught her, that there was any reason to suppose the mysterious operation of a particular providence. The subject, indeed, they had discussed; but the lieutenant used generally to conclude by pointing to his one leg and his one eye, and particularly to a very thread-bare blue coat which formed his whole wardrobe.

One day when Charles and Vaurien were conversing with Mrs. Wilson, Emily stepped down for her harp, which she had left the preceding evening in the back parlour of her friend. As she entered,

Charles modestly raised his eyes on her, withdrew them, and again ventured to gaze with a timid resolution. He saw a grace, a blushing grace; and that finished form, associated with the excellence he had heard, came like an enchantment over his heart; he bowed, was silent and motionless. Vaurien threw over the whole form of Emily a rapid glance; it looked at the face, darted into the bosom, fixed on the arm, and wandered in the most voluptuous variety. The disconcerted Emily seemed for a moment to forget the object for which she had entered the room; she murmured something of an apology; she took the harp; her hand trembled; she let it fall; Vaurien flew to her assistance; her hand came in contact with his; she reddened, and quitted the room in confusion.

“She is indeed amiable! and faultless in her form as in her heart,” said Charles.

“Upon

“ Upon my soul (cried Vaurien) she is the finest woman I have seen in England.”

“ She is the best, I am sure” (added Mrs. Wilson).

“ And her father is quite blind ?” enquired Vaurien maliciously.

“ She does not quit him a minute” (replied Mrs. Wilson, simply).

“ What filial affection !” exclaimed Charles, sincerely.

Vaurien run on in great volubility. “ She cannot be more than eighteen. The touch of her arm is enough to corrupt a Carthusian ! Her lips are two rose leaves ! Her eyes, her bosom, her nose, perfect Grecian ! Did you observe her foot, Charles, when she leant for the harp ? I shall like that harp for it’s falling—what an attitude it gave us ! Why, she is a model for the colouring of the painter and the chissel of the statuary.”

“ Mr. Vaurien (said Mrs. Wilson) you talk of her in your national manner. You look on the beauty and forget the woman.”

“ Why indeed (replied Vaurien) one can only describe what one feels. Her virtues are no doubt great ; one might see that by her provincial simplicity. A blind father too would be an affecting incident even in a romance. We have one on this very subject in French, but it is rather a little dry, and if the hero had not been blind I am afraid our sympathy had not been put to the trial by the grave lectures of his philosophy. But trust me, now she is gone, I only imagine to have seen a fine picture.”

During this colloquy Charles continued as silent and motionless as when Emily was in the parlour. To have seen her was to have loved her. Vaurien was all gaiety of heart and volubility of tongue ;

tongue; Charles was pensive and silent, and left the house of Mrs. Wilson with a regret he had never yet felt. He carried away in his heart an emotion that prevailed over all others. He was more engaged in love, in five minutes, than a Frenchman, with all its analytical metaphysics, could be in as many years.

But we must now return to our heroine, who in this moment is ascending pretty quickly the stair case. Emily had accustomed herself to little monologues, which some great observer of human nature has most truly called, "thinking aloud." By the means of these monologues her father, who had ceased to see her for years, knew whatever she was employed about, and literally *heard* every single emotion that fluttered in her innocent heart. As soon as she had reached the door of her apartment she slackened her steps, and entered, saying, "I am

M 5

very

very thoughtless ;” and so she quietly shut the door, as if she had now resolved to use caution even in the minutest thing.

“ What is my love thoughtless in ?” said Balfour ; for being, as the reader knows, very blind, he was apt to be wonderfully quick in listening.

“ Only in a trifle I hope, sir. Having left my harp last night in Mrs. Wilson’s back parlour, I stepped down for it, and without thinking of the impropriety, I opened the door, and she was engaged with her two friends.”

“ Mrs. Wilson seems a very kind landlady, and she will not be easily offended ; and I dare say, Emily, neither will the other two ladies.”

“ Dear sir, had they been ladies I should not have trembled as I did, and let fall my harp. They are two charitable gentlemen, who out of humanity set her up in this little shop, and without which,

which, she assures me, she must have starved."

Balfour interrupted his daughter, and appeared in great emotion—"Two charitable gentlemen who set her up in a shop!—Almighty God! art thou inexorable to the prayer of a father? Hast thou brought here to perish his deserted child? When thou didst expose me to the buffetting mockeries of the worthless I was patient; when thou didst dismember me, limb by limb, I murmured not; when thou tookest away my son, I gave but a father's sigh; when thou didst snatch my wife from my bosom, I bowed, and the pang I felt was for this child—but now thou hast crushed me to the grave, and thou hast made my soul taste of the bitterness of death."—He paused, then cried out—"Emily, Emily, where are you?—Give me your hand."

M 6

Emily

Emily was trembling with consternation and surprise. She was kneeling at his feet ; her face was covered with her hands, and she leant upon his knees ; scarcely could she say, " My father, my father, what means this ?" Emily wept ; the old blind Balfour passed his hand over her face to wipe her tears. He grasped her folded hands, and exclaimed — " My child, my child, we must be in a bad house !"

" A bad house ! impossible, sir ! Did you but know Mrs. Wilson, you would acknowledge her for the kindest of women."

— " Curfed hypocrite ! What, she is young, and gay, and dresty, and, I suppose, very agreeable in conversation ?"

" Ah no, sir ! she is of an advanced age ; is never gay ; decent but poorly dressed, and her conversation is serious, and so far agreeable."

" Then

“Then she is some worn out harridan—understand me, child, some procuress! I shall now hate that sympathising canting voice. I wondered why she should be so kind to a poor old blind man, but I see it was for the young daughter! Emily, Emily, thou wilt be bought and sold. We must depart, this week; we must depart. Did I not foretell this? Did I not premonish? But I must yield to the persuasions of a simple girl! O Emily, your goodness checks my anger. If we were but at Exmouth! There I would have died like a man—I tell you, foolish girl! you can know nothing of human nature—dear good Emily, you have always lived at the side of a blind helpless father—yes, yes, I see your fate—my God! my God! the thought is agonizing! help me, my child, help; I am sick, I am very sick, child—I——”

As

As he was speaking, the terrified Emily observed his features alter; they writhed, looked ghastly and he sunk in his chair seemingly a breathless corse. She rang loudly; Mrs. Wilson hastened to her relief; the apothecary was called, and was not long in deciding that all medical aid was in vain; it was a severe paralytic stroke, which could not fail to terminate the life of the feeble old man.

Balfour with great difficulty combated with nature for a few days. He gradually recovered his senses, but they were feeble and exanimate. His powerful emotions were exhausted, and only a tincture of his native sensibility remained in his debilitated frame, like that raciness which the empty vessel retains, when all it's noble spirits are poured out.

Emily watched over him by day and by night. Mrs. Wilson performed the duties

duties of humanity. But nature was ceasing her operations.

Balfour desired Emily to approach his bed, and delivered himself in the following words :

“ Emily, are we alone ? My child, the hour has come ; the chillness of death already benumbs me. Approach, my love ! ” he kissed her forehead as she leant over his face, while her arm supported his head—“ Emily, you have acted nobly as a daughter. Since fate has reduced me to a state of infancy, more cruel than the first, to your father you have been a parent. If virtue in this idle existence were it’s own reward, I should have died happy—but Balfour has been virtuous and miserable.”

“ My father (said Emily) respect the mysterious award of the Divinity. This is an hour of trial ; have you not taught me, by your words and your actions, the
magna-

magnanimity of fortitude ? Have you not often repeated, that virtue has it's self-enjoyment ? You, my father, have been a hero and a philosopher ; I have seen you smile in sorrow. Consecrate the bed of death, and teach me how to die.

“ Blessed be that voice ! (cried Balfour) that recalls the warm blood that had almost deserted my heart. I feel a new spirit, my Emily ! you have deprived death of it's pang. Yes ! I know my girl is worthy of her father—Emily, your guileless youth will bestow a virtuous age. But what will you do, poor and abandoned, without even your blind father to advise ? Oh ! had my Emily but a partner of her existence, an honest though a menial employment !”

“ My father, you have made me the creature that I am ;—fear not then for me—my virtue is my dower, my talents my inheritance !”

“ Noble

“ Noble girl! I FEAR THE WORLD! my voice refuses to give my thoughts—my brain is confused—O would nature give another hour! Be fortitude your pride! When you see vice you will abhor it; 'tis incongruous with your sensations. But FEAR THE VIRTUOUS! suspect the disinterested; be cautious of the courteous; believe not the professor of truth; fly the agreeable; and trust no one with the simplicity of your heart. Your part, Emily, in life, is to be on the defensive. Associate with few; find independence in your own character. Learn from a dying father, that you can only be secure on this earth by suspecting every appearance of virtue. The error will be rare, and the virtuous will forgive. It is my last request that you quit this house. The woman is kind; tell her she has the thanks of a dying man; but the blind are suspicious. In this town, when a
woman

woman owes her support to two young men, it is understood by what means youth becomes so charitable.—Alas! I had much to say, but my thoughts die before me. I feel a chillness at my heart. Last night I dreamt, or I saw in my thoughts, your mother and Edward—I go to join two angels. Emily—Emily—pray for me!!”

She was now kneeling at the bed side—one hand clasped that of her dying father—the other was raised to heaven. As she spoke, her harmonious tones rose with the fervour of her prayer. Balfour seemed for a moment to be recalled from another world—his face inclined towards the hand of Emily to imprint a last and parting kiss—his face inclined, but in the struggle he expired!

CHAPTER XV.

The Embarrassments of Emily, and the Character of a Lady who had no Character.

WHEN the last melancholy honours were paid to Balfour, when the tear of his daughter had fallen into his grave, and the perturbations of Emily's mind had a little subsided, the first interesting object that occurred to her was the dying request of her father to quit the house of Mrs. Wilton. This gave occasion to the following reflections.

“How hard is it to comply with the dictate of duty, when it comes uncongenial to that of the heart! In this universe I have no other friend than Mrs. Wilton; a friendship indeed of yesterday's;

day's; but to the friendless even such a friendship is strong as that of a long duration. In so affectionate a form is there concealed so foul a disposition? My father could not see her; and even a vigorous judgment sleeps when affection is too wakeful, and trembles at fancied terrors. Is human nature so fraught with depravity as that good man has instructed me? Alas! this world was never the friend of my father; he viewed all objects in their cloudiest aspect. When he thought Mrs. Wilson young and gay, he said she must be some prostitute; but when I told him she was aged and serious, then she must be some procuress. If I had told him she was an angel, he would have said, that she was only a disguised demon. Yet, perhaps, there is something singular in the voluntary assistance from two young men—and one of them really looks not like a being that could have so much humanity.

humanity. If he had not frightened me, I should not have dropt the harp; what a dark quick flashing in his eyes! I shudder at the recollection! What an insolence in examining me with such minuteness! If what my father said were true! O poor deserted Emily! I will lock my door every night, and I will quit the house this week.

“ And now what remains for me to secure my subsistence? I have but a few guineas my dear father saved, I know not how. Those that want but little can hardly have reason to despair. I am mistress of so many instruments, and Miss Davies, by only teaching young ladies to play on the harp, got a very genteel maintenance. My voice is good, and I love to declaim; Mr. Sheridan once told my father, that if I tried the stage I might become as rich as Mrs. Siddons, for that I was worth all the
com-

commentators on Shakespeare. But none of these employments will suit me; I should never be able to support a public exhibition. I love an occupation where I am quite alone; something that may be done in one's own room quietly, without the observation of other eyes. I have some reputation for painting flowers on satin; and my dear Edward once told me, that he sold my paintings of midnight groves for five guineas a-piece. I can make lace too. So I have nothing more to do now than to prepare my performances, and carry them to the first shop. How grateful to one like me is the tranquillity of occupation; it detaches from many evils; from the listlessness of existence, the pangs of recollection, and the despair of want."

This artless monologue was closed with a sigh to the sad memory of her father; she thought of him with such fervency of remembrance, that it seemed a kind

of silent prayer. She wiped away the tears that glimmered on her eyes. She placed her work basket on the table, and in taking out some muslin a card fell to the ground. "It is Miss Million's address (cried Emily); now this is most fortunate. I had quite forgotten her; I have not opened my basket since I have been in town. She will be glad to see me, for she repeated her invitations a hundred times. She is a lady of great fashion, and it will be easy for her to procure me a fine circle of purchasers for all my little works."

The reader may possibly recollect, that in our route exhibition we hung up a portrait of the father of this lady; an important personage from the hours of twelve to three at the Bank. As for Miss Million herself, her character is drawn with the utmost difficulty, being one of those irrational parts of the creation

tion that have no character at all. All that we can say is, that she was the daughter and heiress of one of those stock-jobbing citizens, whose astonishing fortunes rise like exhalations, and sometimes disappear as suddenly. Men who unite at once the violent contrast of the most sordid penuriousness and the most ridiculous extravagance. Miss Million was exactly like so many other daughters of such modern citizens of London, having only one object, which seemed to require all her feeble faculties to accomplish; namely, a violent imitation of the elegance and refinement of women of quality. But as this was only a later pursuit, like young artists, she had not been very successful in her first attempts; yet she had some favourable qualities to shine in a fashionable circle; she abounded in apathy, was tolerably illiterate, brilliantly vain, fertiley capricious, and was incessantly

cessantly calling out for *la bagatelle*, of which her pronunciation was not quite accurate. She spoke the French language as often as the vulgar idiom, and was a living proof that the maximum of a fair citizen's knowledge of the Parisian dialect did not exceed to that in old Chaucer's day :

“ And French she spake faire and feteously,

“ After the school of Stratford at Bow ;

“ For French of Paris was to her unknow.”

The PRIORESSE.

On the whole, however, Miss Million, by acquiescing with every one, by diffusing an universal smile, by playing deeply, and particularly by her splendid equipages, and still more particularly by her father's having purchased the necklace of the Queen of France, which she wore with great ease, was a favourite of fashion.

VOL. I.

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About

About two years before the moment at which our history is arrived, her father had sold his ~~omnium~~ for such an advanced premium, that he resolved to quit his house in Pudding Lane, to occupy one of the noblest mansions in Portman Square. She was soon initiated into the mysteries of high dissipation; every person of fashion crowded to inspect the Queen of France's necklace; and Miss Million was also conspicuous for "a rage" for private masquerades and botanical studies. Hitherto, however, she had seen little of the forest scenery of England, excepting that part noticed by "the lerned clerke" we just quoted; and it was at her villa at Dulwich that she first formed "the prophetic eye of taste." She persuaded her father to make an excursion into Devonshire, where the Margravine of Anspach informed her, in the express words that polite authoress employs

plays in her elaborate and learned travels to the Crimea, "that the country had a very genteel appearance;" and likewise Mrs. Radcliffe, in her novels, had repeated and repeated the expression of "the feature of the landscape." This united idea of "the genteel feature" overflowed the sensorium of Miss Million. The stockjobber, his daughter, and the Queen of France's necklace, were whirled down by four post horses; and if Miss Million no more admired the lovely and romantic hills of Devon than the dead flats of Dulwich, it must certainly be attributed only to the mode of travelling.

When Miss Million arrived at Exmouth, greatly did that young lady marvel at the effect of popular prejudice. That spot she had heard mentioned and admired in several polite circles; yet to her it appeared a very

mean village, by no means comparable to her favourite Margate ; and she could not easily comprehend why some persons should go two hundred miles to view the sea, which might be seen at less than seventy. She made this reflection, which her father observed was a very sensible one, as they were walking on some of its hanging rocks, and which, she as sensibly observed, she detested, because every rock was an acclivity like Highgate Hill. Nothing now remained for the amusement of this amiable young lady, but an attempt to convert Exmouth into a mimetic London ; she never went out but to pay visits ; so that upon the whole, had she only *heard* something about Exmouth, she would have *seen* it more than she did at the place itself. Her visits were, however, numerous ; they could not fail to be so by the happy system she had adopted. She resolved to
visit

visit two kinds of persons ; first, those who she did know ; and secondly, those who she did not know.

Among the latter was our dear Emily. She had observed her frequently leading her father on Chapple Hill, where she resided. Whoever saw Emily admired the easy grace of her motions, and the simplicity yet tenderness of her features. One morning Emily appeared curiously engaged at a hedge ; her father had rested on the sod ; at length she plucked a wild yellow rose, a flower which some consider as a native of the softer climate of Devon. When Emily had extricated this native rose, in thoughtless rapture she turned to her father—she sighed and shook her head. “ What is the matter, my love ? ” said old Balfour. “ Nothing, nothing, ” replied Emily. “ I was only thinking you cannot any more admire your favourite rose ; I have plucked one of the
N 3 finest.”

finest."—Talk not to me of roses, child!" said Balfour peevishly; "yet I can still smell. Give it to me. 'Tis faint, Emily!" — "Alas, Sir, it is *only* beautiful!" said the fair moralist.

During this dialogue, Miss Million, when she perceived that Emily had plucked a rose, started, reversed her chair, and hurried out in all the ardour of botanical curiosity, and as this curiosity was infinitely greater than her knowledge, it led to no short conversation. The following day she favoured her dear little botanist (as she called Emily) with a visit, admired her flower paintings, thought they were monstrous fine, and resolved to rob her of one to hang in Portman Square. Many visits were received from Miss Million, and many earnest invitations were given for an excursion to the metropolis.

These

These visits were never opposed by Balfour ; for he lamented the filial perseverance of his Grecian daughter (as he called Emily) for attending with such solicitude his imprisonment. When strangers came he only enquired whether any officer accompanied them ? Several regiments quartered in the neighbourhood had already molested the peace of the quiet, and destroyed the happiness of the innocent. “ Emily,” he would say, “ abhor these men ! Our home troops are now supposed to be merely trained for a stationary appearance. They consist of all the hot-brained youth in the kingdom ; frivolous and debauched, illiterate and insolent, they seek for fortune by pleasing your sex, and for honour by offending their own. The partiality of your sex for such mean understandings and such corrupt hearts has given occasion to suspect the imbecility of the fe-

male character ; and it is supposed your easy attachments to officers are simply derived from their weakness and frivolity, which place them more on a level with women than any other class of men." For this harsh opinion Balfour had two reasons ; first, because he was a naval officer, and held in sovereign contempt the military buck ; and secondly, because it had a great deal of truth.

To Miss Million Emily now resolved to have recourse as a patroness of her little works. About one o'clock she went to that lady, whom she found at breakfast.

When Emily entered, she experienced great difficulty in making herself known. She was Miss Balfour, of Exmouth—She had had the honour of Miss Million's visits—She had not forgotten Miss Million's invitation—She hesitated, stood silent, and perplexed.

Miss

Miss Million stared, and then cried—
“The old blind lieutenant’s daughter !
Lord, my dear, I never expected to see you
in town. I declare I feel myself delighted.
Won’t you take a chair ? And are you
settled in London ? And where do you
live ? What has brought you to town ?
And who do you visit in our neighbour-
hood ?”

All these questions were extremely em-
barrassing, and the last seemed vexatious.
Emily, confused, and knowing not which
particular one to select from the number,
sat silently down. As it happened, she
did what precisely she would have done
had she been more intimately acquainted
with this fashionable lady ; who was one
of those persons who, when they put
questions, do not exactly know the nature
of a point of interrogation, and therefore
neither wait for nor expect an answer.

N 5

To

To relieve herself from all these perplexities, Emily resolved to tell her story in her own way.

“I have done myself the pleasure (she began) of waiting on you, because you can, I think, madam, render me an important service should I merit your attentions.”

“An important service,” muttered Miss Million, looking much more gravely than she did when she was putting her rapid questions. Indeed she had good reason, for the words, “important service,” conveyed to her brain a kind of half-reflection, which always disturbs the intellectual faculties of a lady of great fashion.

“My father (continued Emily) died last week in this town. You know, madam, that a half-pay officer cannot die rich, yet he may die with honour. My father has not encumbered his orphan daughter

daughter with a single debt. I am now obliged to have recourse to those talents which once formed my amusements. You have honoured them, madam, with your partial approbation. I shall soon have some little paintings, and some pieces of lace, which, if recommended by your patronage, will procure me an employment and a subsistence." She stopt, and a few minutes of silence took place.

"Oh child, is that all?" replied Miss Million, with her eye fixed on a print that was placed opposite. "Have you brought any with you? Lady Belfield is a great collector and amateur. I shall certainly recommend you, child!" Miss Million spoke all this with that refined apathy which seems to be a gift from nature rather than an acquisition of art. It was expressed in that tone of indifference which ladies of her fashion employ whenever an object of charity has

by some means got introduced mistakenly into their apartments ; a mistake which they generally afterwards provide against.

Emily knew nothing of all this ; she only did not find herself quite so comfortable as she had fondly hoped.

As Miss Million recollected that “ the important service ” would not occasion any exertion, and as “ the old blind lieutenant’s daughter,” after all, made no attack, direct or oblique, on her purse, she most humanely condescended to give Emily —— a very detailed account of Mrs. Broadhead’s masquerade, in which she had exhibited herself, and the queen of France’s necklace, in the character of Britannia.

Suddenly, however, a great change was observable in this amiable woman. Her tones were tolerably gentle, her countenance looked almost with tenderness, and softly pressing Emily’s hand, she said, “ My dear Miss Balfour, how I sympathise
with

with you! Your father was a dear good man, and behaved to me with extreme politeness; and assuredly your accomplishments well merit a friend. You are solitary in a dangerous town; I wish, my dear, you would accept an asylum in Portman Square. Your company would be a great relief to my spirits. Lord, my dear! you can't conceive what a poor nervous being I have grown! Such headaches of a morning! such tremors last night at the masquerade, when my necklace hung rather loose! I am quite in rapture to see you, and I insist on your making this place your abode."

Emily was consoled for what she had suffered. The invitation was a benefit she could not resist; it at once relieved her from parting with Mrs. Wilson in apparent displeasure, and it secured her from the precarious mode of life she proposed

posed to adopt. She acceded to the proposal of Miss Million. This was the first error she committed in her entrance into the world; but she was not aware that she was then violating the solemn injunction of her father, to seek her independence only in herself.

We are sensible, in closing this chapter, that some of our readers (for such assuredly we shall be mortified with) whose sagacity is of the rapid kind, and who judge, we suppose, by intuition, have already condemned us as having committed an outrage on venerable nature when we represented Miss Million so suddenly differing from herself in her gestures, her voice, and her expressions. If we are here condemned by any rash judge, who chuses to sit on the bench, we shall absolutely move for a new trial before a judge who can alone form the legal decree,

cree, we mean Reason, who a very great poet has called,

“The lord-chief justice in the court of man.”

We do further declare, and hurl the declaration in the very teeth of criticism, that we have not in this instance swerved a single hair's breadth from the curved and involved line of human nature, which we as much respect as did Hogarth when he called it the line of beauty. A lady of Miss Million's character, or no character (as the reader chuses) has frequent occasions to employ these fluctuations, depressions, and elevations of her voice and countenance. What induced Miss Million to differ so very evidently from herself in the short space of a quarter of an hour, we, for the ease of our candid reader, most willingly inform him.

Let it therefore be known, that Miss Million had every thing a lady of quality

lity has, down to a lap dog and a sociable *, but one necessary appendage, termed a humble companion. Miss Million was, as we have seen, rather new on the town, and disdained to bring any "low creature" from Pudding Lane to Portman Square. She was on the point of advertising for some such servant out of place, when, providentially, poor Emily Balfour appeared. The thought did not occur immediately, but merely when the visible alteration took place. In a word, the very compassionate Miss Million proposed to make the same use of our amiable heroine as some still do of a dumb waiter—an excellent piece of furniture when a person happens to be quite alone.

* This solecism in the English language is a barbarous substantive of the polite circles. It may be necessary, for the intelligence of the country gentlemen who are not in parliament, to inform them, that it consists of a kind of double phaeton, with opposite seats for four persons, and is drove by a postillion.

CHAPTER XVI.

*The Villa of a Loan Contractor. The true
Value of a Scoundrel's Life.*

EMILY, on her return to Mrs. Wilson, acquainted her with her unexpected good fortune, felt every gratitude for her, but proposed the following day for her removal. Mrs. Wilson listened in silence, and even after Emily had ceased to speak, could only answer by a profound sigh. At length she said, "This separation is severe as it is sudden. Your absence includes the loss of so many tender ideas, so much consolation, so sweet a tranquillity, and such numerous and gentle offices! I know that I am not worthy of enjoying
a friend-

a friendship like yours ; but once to have called such excellence my own raises me in my own estimation. The pride I feel but gives a sharper pang to this laceration of my affections. I had busied my thoughts in forming an easy establishment for you ; but it is now over ! Allow me, however, my dear Miss Emily, when you are quite settled, to call once on you. Let me have at least the consolation of knowing that you feel your situation agreeable." " My dear Mrs. Wilson," replied Emily, pressing her hand, while a tear dropt from her eye, " I can never forget you. Superior to your occupation, I lament to leave you in it. You was my first friend in this great town ; perhaps the only one I now possess. Call on me whenever you chuse ; I shall certainly call frequently on you." Emily thought to herself " what a delicate circumstance !

I feel

I feel grateful, yet must not evince gratitude !”

Emily on the following day removed to Portman Square. She was received with excessive and troublesome kindness by Miss Million. She allotted her an apartment, furnished her with a lady's maid, and gave many other proofs that her generosity was as inexhaustible as her wealth. Emily received every thing with a favourable eye and a grateful heart. She indeed would have wished to have been less incommoded by this multiplicity of grandeur, but she suffered it from affection for the donor; nor did it much disconcert her, for she was educated to give dignity to the grandeur of an oriental princess.

We must now leave Emily amidst all the splendors of Miss Million, arranging her little affairs, preparing various implements of taste, with which she proposed

posed adorning the stately mansion in Portman Square; sometimes attuning her harp, and by her attitude and harmony exhibiting a personification of that saint of taste, Cecilia; nor did she testify an inferior affection for some things which she never proposed to exhibit in public; we mean certain loose papers, which booksellers term manuscripts; for (which we have not hitherto even hinted to our readers, as we resolved they should get her character by degrees) Emily, almost unknown to every one, and particularly to herself, was a delightful and feeling poetess. She presumed not to print her verses, because she was sensible they were quite of another character from that most ornamented, most elaborate, most offuscating manner of our fashionable children of Apollo. All that we can permit ourselves to say on so secret and delicate a subject as the present

sent is, that she never read Milton but that she seemed possessed by his own imagination, if we might judge by the agitation of her frame; and her couplets were formed on the finished structure of Pope's opulent yet not gaudy versification; and we are inclined to think, that through the high polish of his verse there ran a vein of the Italian fancy of her favourite Milton. There seemed, indeed, a species of plagiarism in her poetical talent, since, whenever she rose from a perusal of some of the great masters in her beloved art, and had employed her active fancy in the sublime and beautiful, as certainly would she pour out some effusions of a congenial nature; but as these were only effusions of the moment, Emily had written a great deal of verse without having composed one poem, or suspecting herself of being a poetess.

During

During the time we have been describing, Charles and Vaurien had rather more frequently than heretofore called on Mrs. Wilson, never omitting enquiries after her fair lodger, who since the death of her father was quite invisible, and never quitted her apartment. Mrs. Wilson now informed them, that to her great regret she had left her apartments to reside with Miss Million, in Portman Square.

“ Charles (said Vaurien) that is the ugly huge corpulent daughter of the loan contractor, who begged us to call on him to give our opinion of an immense villa he is building. What think you of a call? The worst is, that if we see Miss Balfour we must see Miss Million, which is like passing through purgatory to get to heaven.”

“ I remember (said Charles) that Mr. Million at the routes of Lady Belfield.

That

That man always offends me by his ostentatious wealth ; he carries his schedule in his mouth, and seems to be talking to his steward when he is conversing with a friend. Then we shall be perplexed with all the fluctuations of stocks, and probably have a most true and faithful account of his interview with Mr. Pitt about the lottery contract. However we must go, Vaurien, will he, nill he, for the sake of something more precious than even his last loan."

" *De par tous les diables*, Charles! I see clearly you are smitten with this girl. Upon my soul she is worth enjoying ; you are in love, my boy !"

" Indeed I am not, Mr. Vaurien ; I give you my honour I am not. I never intend to be in love ; a young man like me cannot afford it. It is one of the attendant curses of a luxurious age, Vaurien, that it severs all those finer affections

tions of the heart, without which there is no true pleasure in existence. We do not marry those whom we could love because they are poor; and we marry those whom we can never love, because they are rich. O what a formal, feeble, frigid Cupid is our modern deity of love! he has no quiver filled with thrilling darts, no unerring bow, none of the naked modesty of the child of beauty; on he trudges with a black coat, with voluminous parchments, and the only language he whispers agreeable to a woman's ear, is jointure and settlement. My friend, I have resolved never to render myself or another miserable by matrimony."

"A most wise and generous resolution! A man need not want for wives in the present day; those of his neighbours are quite his own, if he only knows how to knock at the door. The noble work of propagation thrives not the worse; 'tis

only assisting the lame over a stile, Charles ! modern matrimony is one vast system of polygamy. Why, matrimony was a blunder of some stupid and impotent legislator ; nothing can be more unnatural than to cork up in one bottle elements that can never blend ; marriage ! mere oil and vinegar ; one of them will always remain under ; in France we have therefore established divorces at the pleasure of either party. I knew a young Hercules who had thirty wives in the first year after the committee of public safety had decreed it : poor fellow, he was unlucky ; for, like Hercules, he died of the envenomed robe of one of his Dejaniras. But why need we public divorces, when, without the formality, we live in a course of marriage and divorce."

" Mr. Vaurien, this subject is always revolting to me ; you treat it like a Frenchman, and never in your country

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O

was

was true connubial enjoyment found. Adultery is foul; not because the law has so decreed it, but because reason tells me this. Adultery takes away from a husband the love that was the source of his existence; from children, the maternal affection that re-enjoyed the father in his offspring; from domestics, the respect that they felt for their mistress, and inflames a woman with falacious passions, who, when she hurries reeking from the stews, is more miserable than the common prostitute, because she is not as common. O Vaurien, 'tis a foul crime; the cruelty of murder terminates in one person, the cruelty of adultery is propagated through a generation."

In this dull moralising strain (at least on the side of Charles) they reached Mr. Million's house; and that day being a holiday at the Bank, the Bank Director was at home.

They

They found this contractor of loans most laboriously employed at a table covered with a number of little red books, containing his rescouter accounts, a collection of computations of purchases and sales at various prices, to assist him at the rising of every eighth per cent.; a pen was stuck through his curl.

“Gentlemen, I am quite proud of the honour of this call; and I hope his lordship and her ladyship are well. How is Chloe too? her ladyship was extremely concerned about the asthma of that fine Spanish beauty. I should indeed have sent to enquire after that most amiable creature. And pray is there any news?”

Charles replied, “Admiral Elphinstone has had the singular good fortune of surrounding a Dutch fleet, and taking them without firing a single gun.”

“ More shame, gentlemen, for admiral Elphinstone ! It can have no effect on the consols. I don't like these takings of whole fleets without a battle. Formerly we would fight by the hour, and an Englishman was proud when he cleared the decks of an enemy. Any news from India ? ”

“ There has been a most sanguinary battle between Tippoo Saib's army and the company's troops. The seapoys fled in a panic. Seringapatam is lost.”

“ Noble intelligence ! strong bear of India ! Let's see now, if they fall tomorrow to 170—100,000 nets me—no, that calculation is made for 175—pew ; it nets me 15,000. A pleasant breakfast this ! I hope we shall have a little worse news by the next letters.”

“ I lament, sir, that an Englishman should find his prosperity in the misfortunes of his country.”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, this must always be the case when we are bears. In these times we are all bears. Yet I love my country for the sake of my good friend the minister. To be sure I have been ill-used ; he gave me only £.600,000 of the loan, when I expected a million ; I cannot but be half-pleased. Besides he has a little of the Algerine, I mean the dey ; why, he used to make us all stand at our biddings—ay, make a Bank director stand !—but I cock my eye, and throw my head backwards, that I may look him full in the face, for he is proud and erect. So we have chairs now. Pitt’s a good accountant with Rose by his side ; he beats us hollow for three-pence a ticket, and a half on the consols. The first English financier ; he saves the nation from ruin by the hardest Smithfield bargain. But since lords have become bankers I think the banking business degenerates.”

“ We have come, Mr. Million, to see the plan of your superb villa.”

“ Aye, I have begun to build ; but ’twill take ten years before I can get into an apartment. ’Tis long for a man of sixty ! ’Tis a pity that your grand style is always the longest to manage. My country house will be as large and solid as the Mansion House ; I’m all for solidity. It will exhaust a mine of Portland stone, and will stand, I am told, in an earthquake. My drawing rooms are to be papered with silver muslin ; that is, they will not be papered at all. One’s obliged to use old words for new fashions, which sometimes confuses our ideas. My gardens will take up, including pleasure grounds, offschapes, and landscapes, above one hundred acres. I have cut a red-hot gravel coach-road all through it for the convenience of travelling at home. My hot-houses are immense, and my pigs shall feed on pines.

I have

I have got the New River turned into my garden as a fish-pond, but it looks like a puddle. I am fond of seeing houses, having been born in a very narrow lane; and there is something too more natural in a house than a tree, for it always shews there must be people near one. I prefer the view of a sociable wall, and even the gutter of a neighbour's house, to all that mad jaunt in Devonshire, riding post over hill and valley till I was sea-sick; 'tis an abominable romantic country! So I have planned an ornament, which no one ever thought of; in the midst of my immense garden I shall build a row of small houses. I shall call it Million Row, at Million Place. I have no trees in my grounds but poplars; for a man of my age they are the only trees; they spring the quickest. A tall poplar, stiff as this rule in my hand, regales my eye; it is the Pitt of trees; I call such the straight lines of nature. I have a summer-

mer-house, in the exact form of the cupola at the Bank, so exact that you would swear you stood in it. On the walls are designed all the Bank offices ; here the three per cents, there the short annuities, just as they are. The figures at their various desks are portraits of my intimate friends. Pitt is seated in the director's chair. A curious gallery of pictures ! My daughter wanted me to have a masquerade scene painted, with portraits of *her* friends ; but *her* friends all wear masks. So then the artist observed, that they might be painted, as he said saints who had lost their heads generally were, that is, by holding their heads in their hands, like chapeaux bas, under their arms. Did you ever hear the like ? No, no, I preferred *my* friends, who are not ashamed to shew their faces, and have heads on their shoulders ; for there's not a man of them worth less than half a million. D—e if I would form a friendship with any man
who

who is not worth a hundred thousand.
"Tis a maxim !"

At this moment a servant entered, and informed Mr. Million, that Bob was in a delirium.

Million exclaimed, wringing his hands, " In a delirium ! The worst news I have heard since the sudden peace ! Run, fetch the prince's physician, the great city doctor—the quaker and the Jew—a consultation instantly. What, Bob in a delirium ! This comes of his high feeding."

" Who is Bob, Mr. Million," enquired Charles " you have no son, or nephew, or cousin of that name ?"

" Bob, sir, was one of my ploughboys ; gentlemen ! a youth strong as his team of horses. Who the devil could think such a horse of a man could ever be delirious !"

Charles exclaimed, " How sensitive is this humanity at the disorder of his plough-boy."

Vaurien

Vaurien said, turning to Charles, "I wonder at the reason?"

"Gentlemen, (continued Million) I feel myself suddenly indisposed. Poor Bob! I received him in my house, furnished him with all the requisites of a gentleman, and desired him to live well; bought turtles on the first arrivals of the West India fleet; the dog swilled a pipe of Madeira in six months. What could man do more? he looked jolly and comfortable, and as red in the face as a burning coal. Poor Bob! I fear I overfed him."

"I must know the reason," said Vaurien, earnestly.

"He must assuredly (said Charles) have performed some great and good action, Mr. Million, to have merited affections so truly paternal."

"Gentlemen (replied Million) he is the completest scoundrel, and only escaped hanging by my interest with the minister.

minister. A most persevering thief, a most dauntless liar, and a most universal ravisher. He has bastardised a parish. But the fellow was the most athletic and brawny scoundrel in the three kingdoms ; a perfect iron giant ; a fellow who in his loose days, before he lived with me, when 'twas thought he could not escape the gallows, every great surgeon in town kept an eye on. Providence, indeed, blest the scoundrel with a most uninterrupted state of health, and excepting the year after he domesticated with me, had never the slightest ail."

"I will know the reason," said Vaurien. "And pray, sir, why did you throw away such excessive indulgences on a man who has defrauded the gibbet?"

"Throw away, sir, who the devil could think of a delirium? I considered he was a safer person than myself, a poor tottering old man, and my daughter of a plethoric habit, and with such exquisite

quisite sensibility that she is liable to a dozen hysterics a day."

"Safe in what, sir?" demanded Charles.

"Why have I not already informed you? Gentlemen, I have both a tontine and an annuity on the scoundrel's life. If he dies I lose three thousand a year. I might have insured his life, but his appetite was so voracious and regular, his cheeks so round and rosy, a very Falstaff without stuffing! On truffle pasties and perigord pies he would breakfast, dine, and sup, with intermediate refreshments. I cou'd'nt believe it, but the apothecary said that his blood was one mass of inflammation. Gentlemen, I must beg leave to retire. I must see how the scoundrel does. The Lord preserve his precious life. Overgorged by G—!"

This accident broke the purport of the visit. "We must return again (said Vaurien) when Bob is quite recovered or quite dead."

